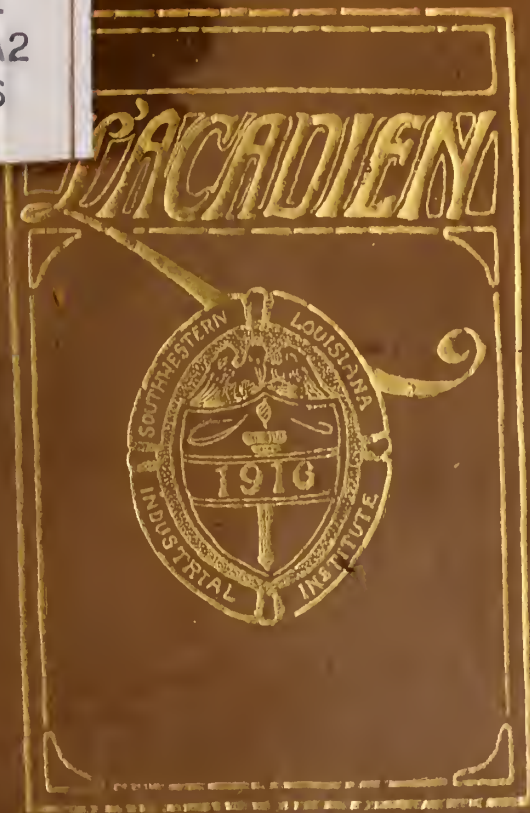
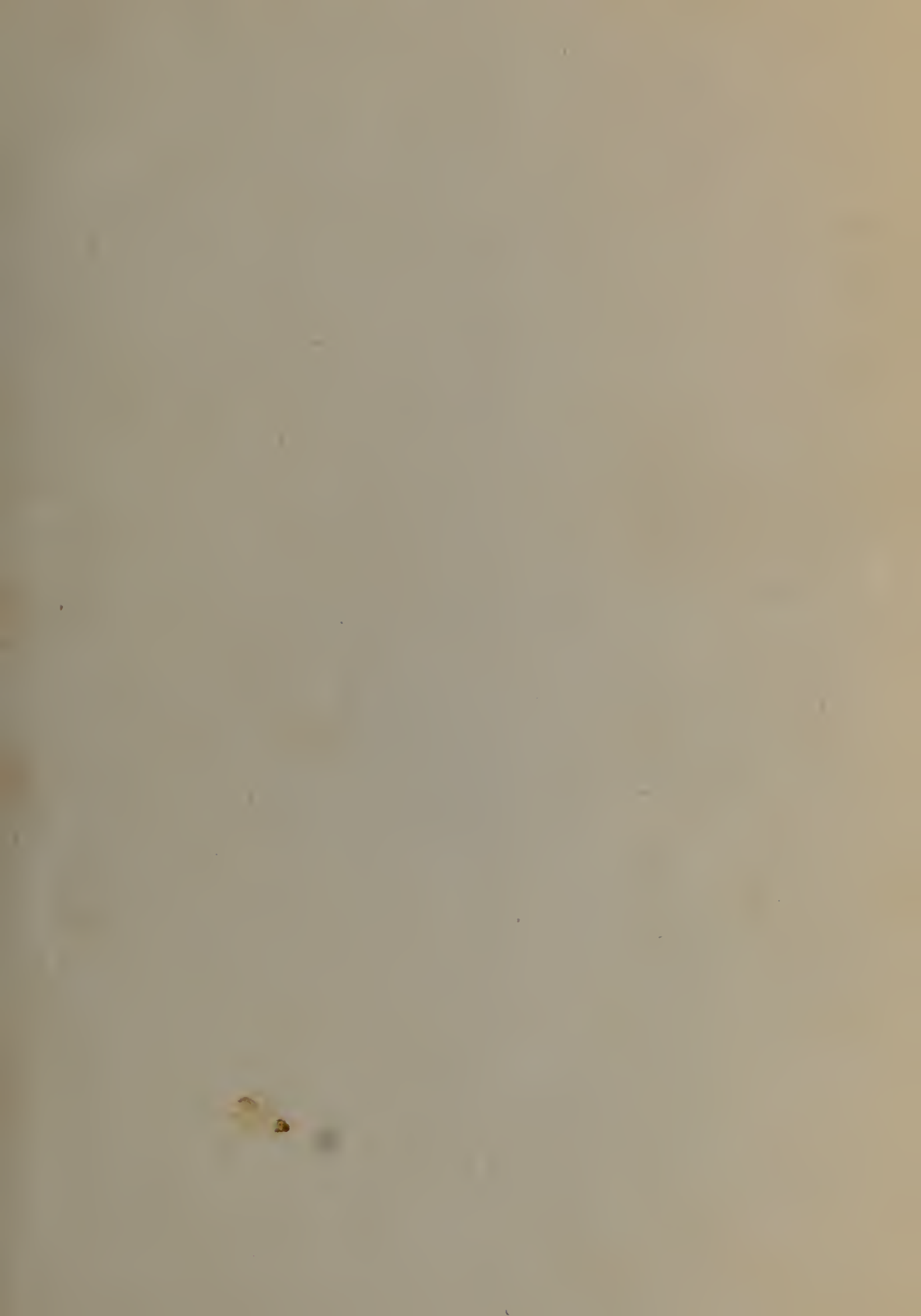


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L'ACADIEN



PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF 1916

Auant--Propos



a class des gradués de 1916 désire présenter au public ce livre—travail de bien des mois; esperant qu'il sera reçu avec indulgence, et que son mérite sera reconnu, et ses défauts ignorés.

Nous désirons remercier Monsieur Shackford de son intérêt en matière d'affaire; le Dr. Stephens, la Faculté, et tout le corps d'étudiants, de l'aide qu'ils ne nous ont jamais refusée dans toutes les occasions ou nous avons eu besoin d'une main secourable, d'une oreille attentive, d'une parole encourageante.



The Shaded Walk

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Dedication



N grateful appreciation of her participation with her son, Mr. Crow Girard, in the giving of a site for the establishment of our Alma Mater, the Southwestern Louisiana Industrial Institute, and in honor of the inestimable example of her noble character and useful life, now ripened into old age, this edition of L'ACADIEN is respectfully dedicated to

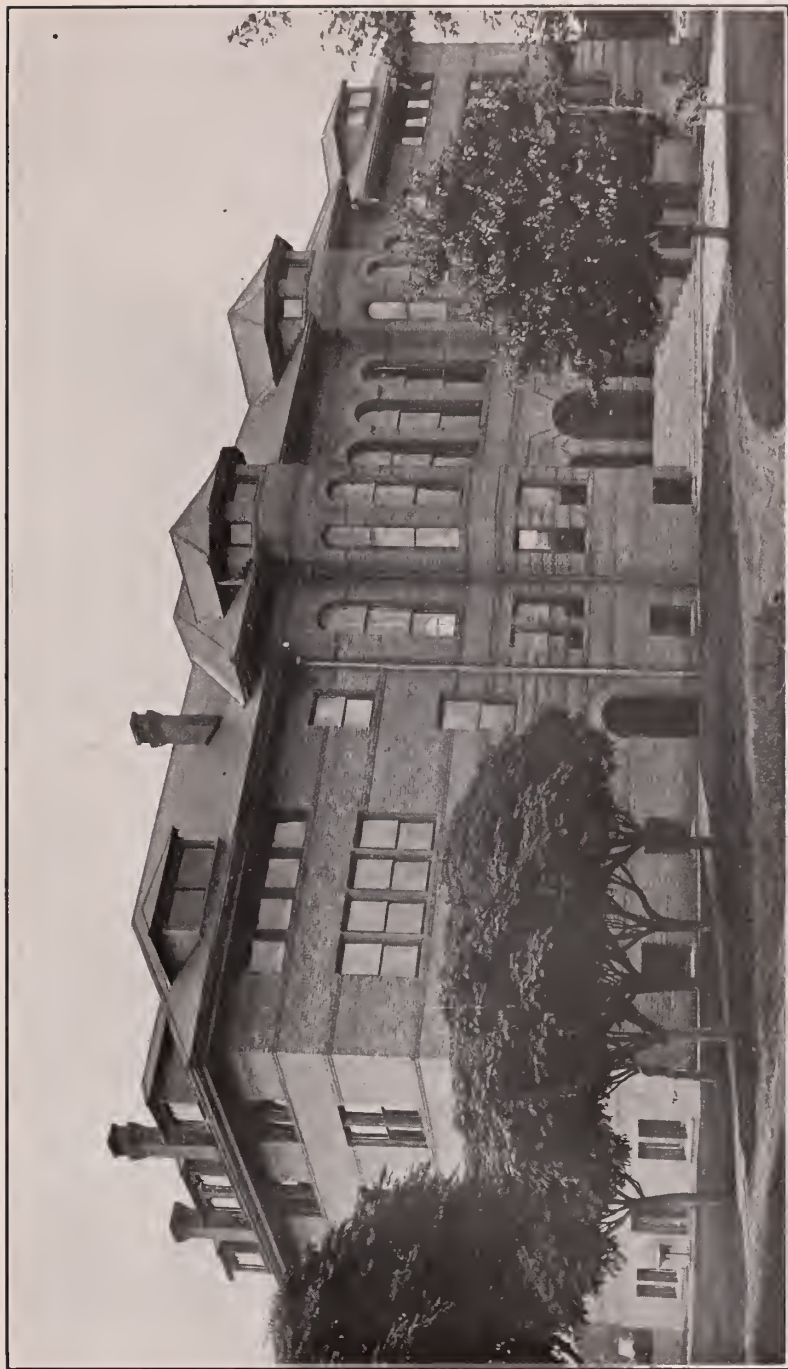
Mrs. Maxim Crow Girard

S. L. I. I.

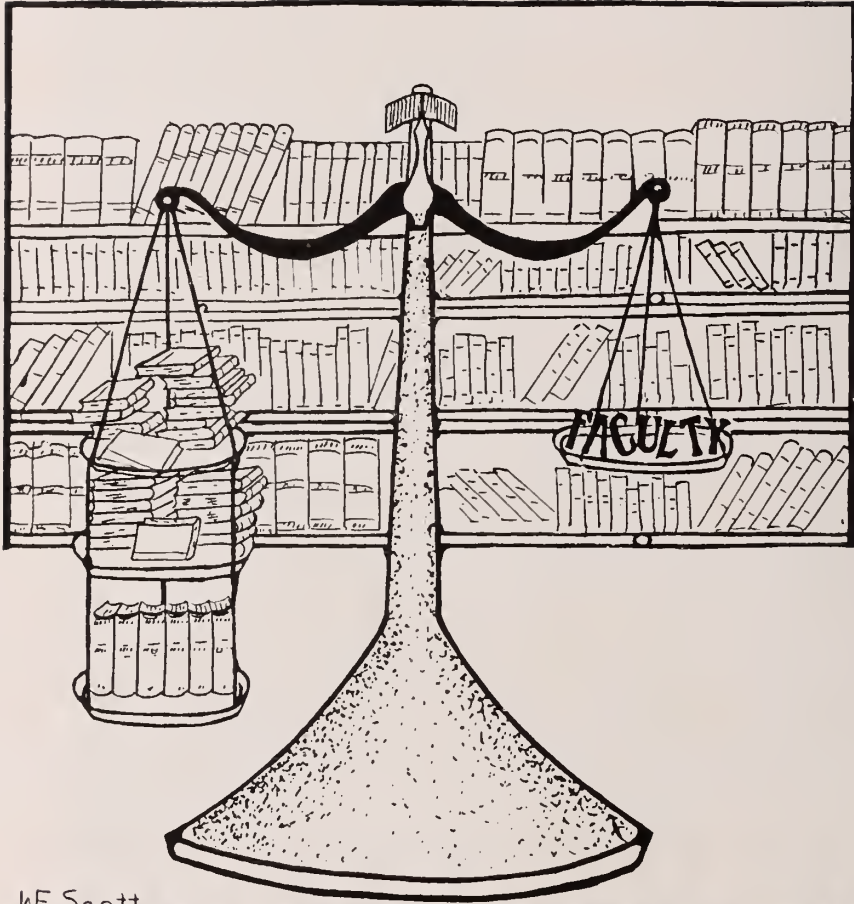
There in Louisiana's sweetest spot, as the Southern wind blows by,
Stands our Alma Mater which we call S. L. I. I;
Over which there hovers with outstretched wings a dove,
Where friends may meet, where enemies forgive, and all is love.
All the happy days of sport I remember, as the years roll by,
The cheering and the singing when they shout S. L. I. I.

Work, O comrades, do not fail, give your hearts as you go by;
Draw your swords and stand by our dear Old S. L. I. I.
Not a sword of metal white, for she needs another kind,
Give a word, for it is nobler than the sword that kills mankind.
Hold her flag unfurled with pride, hold aloft her banner high,
On a field of red and white, shines the name S. L. I. I.

Modesto Castillo, '20.



"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne?"



W. E. Scott

FACULTY

FACULTY, 1915-1916.

EDWIN LEWIS STEPHENS, A. B., Pd. D.

President.

(La. State Univ., A. B., '92; New York Univ., Pd. M., '97; Pd. D., '99; teacher Latin and science, La. State Norm.' '92-'96; teacher pedagogy, same, '97-'98; teacher science, Boys' High School, New Orleans, '99; elected first President S. L. I. I. January 3, 1900.)

RALPH HOLDEN AGATE.

Director Commercial Department.

(Graduate Rochester School of Commerce, Ind., '02; Prin. Com. Dept., Greer Coll., Ill., '03; same, New Mex. Norm., N. M., '04; same, Trinidad, Colo.' H. S., '05; elected S. L. I. I. 1906; Director Com'l Dept., 1910.)

HARRY CUTHBERT BOND.

Director Industrial Education.

(Graduate La. Ind. Inst., '98; teacher mechanic arts, La. Ind. Inst., '98-'01; teacher Man. Tr., Shreveport H. S., '01-04; summer course Cornell, '02; teacher Man. Tr. Newman M. T., New Orleans, '04-'06; teacher Man. Tr., Shreveport H. S., '06-10; teacher Man. Tr. Summer normals, studied in Armour Institute, Chicago summer of 1912; elected S. L. I. I. 1910.)

C. E. CARNES, B. S.

Mathematics.

(Graduate of Iuka Normal, Miss., 1897; student summer sessions L. S. U., '06-'14; grad. B. S., '14; Principal Forest Hill School, '04-'09; Morgan City High School, '09-'13 Elected S. L. I. I. 1913.)

MISS ELEANOR LEE CRIGLER.

Stenography.

(Valparaiso Univ. Ind; Covington H. S., Ky.; Campbell's Com'l Coll.; Prin. Logan Sq. Bus. Coll., Chicago; teacher Lebanon, O. Univ., Englewood Bus. Coll.; elected S. L. I. I. 1910.)

MISS EDITH GARLAND DUPRE, A.B., A.M.

English and Literature.

(Newcomb Coll., A.B., '00; Cornell Univ. A.M., '08; instructor French and German, Fairmount School, Tenn., '00; summer course Cornell Univ., '02; travel and study in Europe, '04; on leave of absence for resident study Cornell Univ., '07-'08; summer course Johns Hopkins, '11; elected Tulane Chapter Phi Beta Kappa 1915; elected S. L. I. I. 1901.)

IRVING P. FOOTE.

Education.

(Grad. Centreville, La., H. S., '01; State Normal, '05; Teacher H. S. dept. Model Sch., State Norm., '05; teacher Lafayette and Berwick, '06-'08; Prin. St. Martin H. S., '08-'09; teacher Lafayette Sum. Sch., 4 years; student Univ. of Chicago, '14 and '15; elected S. L. I. I. 1912)

MISS JANE IRWIN GIBBS.

Drawing.

(Natchez, (Miss) H. S., and Grenada Coll.; student Cooper Art Inst., N. Y., '01-'02; Grad. Newcomb Sch. of Art, '05; Art Supervisors' Course Tulane Summer '01; Postgrad. Art Newcomb, '14-'15; Teacher of Art Belhaven Coll., '06-'08; same Whitworth Coll., '12-'14; Supervisor Drawing, Monroe, La., '09-'10; same Jefferson Parish, '10-'11; elected S. L. I. I. 1915.)

GLENN W. GOLDSMITH. A.B.

Biology.

(Grad. Hutchinson, Minn., H. S. '07; Univ. of Minn., B. A., '11; one year post-grad. in Sci.; Instruct. of Botany U. of Minn., '10-'12; grad. student Univ. of Chicago, '4; elected S. L. I. I. 1912.)

HARRY L. GRIFFIN

History.

(Univ. of W. Va., A.B., '09; Teacher Hist. and Eng., Fairmont, W. Va., H. S., '09-'11; grad. work in Univ. of Chicago, '11-'12 and '15; elected S. L. I. I. 1912.)

MISS MARIE MERCEDES GUEYDAN

Director Home Economics

(Gueydan, La., H. S.; grad S. L. I. I., '10; diploma Home Ec., Newcomb Coll., N. O., '12; Summer Sch., U. of Tenn., Knoxville, '11; Tulane, '12; elected S. L. I. I. 1912.)

MISS GABRIELLE HEBARD.

French.

(Teacher St. Landry High School, Opelousas; special student Tulane University, '09-'10; teacher English, Summer Normal, Lafayette, '10; elected S. L. I. I. 1910.)

JORDAN G. LEE, JR., B. S.,

Dairying and Animal Husbandry.

(La State Univ., B. S., '06; in charge of Live Stock North La., Expmt. Sta., Calhoun, '06-'07; in charge Dairy Expmts. for La. and U. S., Hammond, '07-'08; in charge Dairy Dept. and Animal Husbandry, L. S. U. Expmt. Sta., Baton Rouge, '08-'09; author of four State bulletins on dairying and feeding; elected S. L. I. I. 1909.)

MISS MABEL WHARTON LEFTWICH, B. S.

Latin.

(Mary Baldwin Sem., Staunton, Va., A. B., '03; U. Va. summer, '05; B. S. Columbia Univ., '14; elected S. L. I. I. 1903.)

MISS HUGH DUNCAN M'LAURIN

Physical Education for Women.

(Graduate La. State Normal; teacher public school La. and Miss.; grad. School of Physical Ed., Monteagle, Tenn.; grad Posse Gymnasium, School of Physical Ed., Boston, '08; instructor summer school of Phys. Ed., Monteagle, Tenn., '01-'08; travel and study in Europe, '04; teacher Summer Normal, Lafayette, '10-'12; elected S. L. I. I. 1902.)

CLEMENT JAMES M'NASPY

Physics and Chemistry.

(Student Univ. of Kansas, '03-'04; La. State Univ. (Alumni Medalist), '05-'06; summer courses, L. S. U., '08-'09; teacher public school six years; Athletic Director, S. L. I. I., '04-'05; associate teacher English, S. L. I. I., '08-'09; instructor S. L. I. I. Summer Normal School, four years; study in Tulane Univ., '15; present work since 1909.)

MISS JUSTINE MENDELSON, A. B.

Commerce.

(Grad. Ball H. S., Galveston, Texas; A. B., L. S. U., '14; Com'l Course, Teachers Coll.; Teacher Com'l Course, Baton Rouge H. S., '10-'11; Exp. Bkkpr. and office Mgr.; travel in Europe; elected S. L. I. I., 1914.)

MRS. ANNA GRANT MILLER.

Vocal Music.

(Student New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.; pupil of Heinrich Meyn, well-known German singer and instructor; also of Augusto Rotoli, Italian singer and composer; teacher of vocal music, Dallas, Texas, and New Iberia, La.; elected S. L. I. I. 1913.)

MISS RUTH RYAN

Domestic Science.

(Grad. Woodward High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, '06; student, Ohio Mechanics' Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, '09; diploma, University of Cincinnati Home Economics Training School, '11; elected S. L. I. I. 1914.)

ALBERT SHOWER, B.A.; M.A.

English.

(University of Wisconsin, B. A.; University of Chicago, M. A.; With Henry Miller, Theatrical Producer, New York 1906-1908; Instructor in English, Burlington, Ia.; Instructor in Public Speaking, Culver Military Academy and Kansas State Agricultural College; Elected S. L. I. I. 1916.)

FLORENT SONTAG

Piano, Violin and Band Instruments.

(Pupil of his father, George Sontag, well-known instructor and director, and student, New York; successful instructor and leader of brass bands and orchestras; solo cornettist and violinist; elected S. L. I. I. 1910.)

MARCEL JOSEPH VOORHIES, B. S.

Agriculture and Horticulture.

(Grad. St. Martin H. S., '09; Grad. L. S. U., B. S., '13; in charge Dept. Agri. La. Sch. for Deaf, '13-'14; elected S. L. I. I. 1914.)

ASHBY WOODSON.

Mechanical Arts and Draughting.

(Graduate Miller School, Va., '95; post-grad. and Assist. Instructor Mechanics, '96-'97; Instructor Woodwork, '97-'01; summer work, Gobeille Pattern Co., Cleveland, O., Toler & Co., Richmond, Va., Univ. of Tenn. and Cornell Univ.; elected S. L. I. I. 1910.)

WILLIAM D. CAMPBELL

Librarian.

OLIVE MARIE CAILLOUET

Secretary to the President.

MRS. ELIZABETH F. BAKER

Physician.

Matron for Young Ladies.

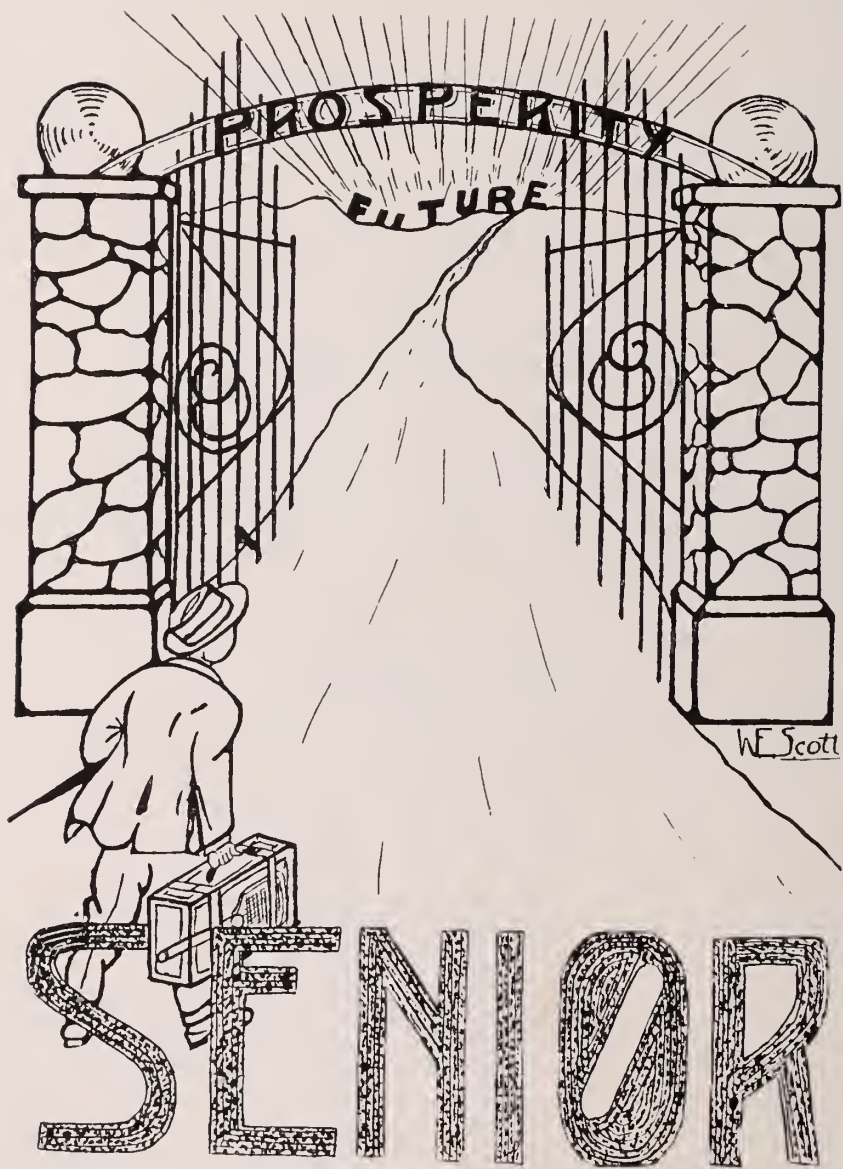
MRS. C. E. CARNES

MRS. LEONARD S. FRERE

Chaperone for Young Ladies.

Matron for Young Men.

DR. R. D. VOORHIES





FLOSSIE MAY ADAMS

Academic Industrial
Lafayette, La.

"Penny wise and pound foolish."

Entered S. L. I. I. '10; Class President '10-'11; Class Vice-President '13-'14; Glee Club '11-'12; Quartette '15-'16; Avatar Society '10-'16.

Her nimble fingers on the piano are the inspiration of the Rooters' Club.

JUSTINE FIEGEL

Academic Industrial
Garland, La.

"A deluge of words, and a drop of sense."

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Vice President Class '13-'14; Avatar Society '12-'16; Business Manager Girls' Base-ball Team '14-'15; Debating Club '15-'16; L. O. F. Club '15-'16; Tennis Club '15-'16; Vermillion Staff '15-'16; Editor-in-chief L'Acadien '15-'16.

The hardest worked member of L'Acadien staff. A specialist in mathematics.

HELEN FUNK

Home Economics
Iowa, La.

"Fair lady, you drop manna in the way of starving people."

Entered S. L. I. I. '15; Avatar Society '15-'16; Athletic Representative '15; Tennis Club '15-'16; Dramatic Club '15-'16; Vermillion Staff '15-'16; Y. W. C. A. '15-'16.

LOCKE JOSEPH GAUTHIER

Commercial
St. Martinsville, La.

"More luck than wit."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Pres. Avatar Literary Society '15; President Commercial Class '15; Athletic Representative '16.



LAURA BELL COPES

Home Economics

Crowley, La.

"As Cold as Charity."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Avatar Society '14-'16; Y. W. C. A. '14-'15; President L. O. F. Club '15-'16.

Laura says "when I get to teaching, see, if I don't work my children as hard as my teachers worked me."

A. WILMOT DALFERES

Academic Industrial

Lafayette, La.

"What a dust have I raised," quoth the fly upon the coach.

Entered S. L. I. I. '13; Manager Track Team '15-'16; Treas. Dramatic Club '15-'16; Treas. Attakapas Society '13-'14; Vice President Attakapas '15; President Attakapas '15; Winner Julian Mouton Medal '15; Athletic Editor Vermillion '14-'15; President B. S. Club '15-'16; Business Manager Vermillion '15-'16; Orator at L. I. A. A. Meet '16.

(We cannot give Tootie any more space.)

THOMAS P. DUTSCH

Agriculture and Mechanics

Waldheim, La.

"The loud laugh speaks the vacant mind."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; President Attakapas Society '16; Dramatic Club '14-'16; Varsity Football Team '14-'16; Vermillion Staff '15-'16.

Thomas has had a spectacular career socially, oratorically, athletically and agriculturally.

HARRY JOSEPH PITRE

Stenography

Fenton, La.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Entered S. L. I. I. '13; Avatar Society '14-'15; Scrub Football Team '15-'16; Baseball Team '16; Commercial Class. '15.



ANNIE ALLEMAN
Academic Industrial
Lafayette, La.

"I must be cruel only to be kind."
Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Class Treas.
'13; Dramatic Club '15-'16; Attakapas
Society '15-'16; Senior Six '15-'16.

JENNIE MAE BROWN
Teachers' Training
Grand Coteau, La.

"If I be waspish, best beware my
sting."

Entered S. L. I. I. from L. S. N.;
Attakapas Society '15-'16.

She declares teaching is her mis-
sion. Jennie says it's all the fault of
her red hair.

DONALD A. COLLETTE
Commercial
Edna, La.

"Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to
hold."

Entered S. L. I. I. '15; Avatar So-
ciety '15-'16; Scrub Basket-ball Team
'16.

JEANNE COMEAUX
Academic Industrial
Youngsville, La.

"Children should be seen and not
heard."

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Attakapas
Society '12-'16; Basket-ball '13-'14;
Girls' Indoor Base-ball '14; Class Vice
President '15-'16; Senior Six '16.



SARAH LABENCIA EAVES

Home Economics.

Merryville, La.

"As good out of the world as out of fashion."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Avatar Society '14-'16; Debating Club '14-'16; Y. W. C. A. '14-'16; L. O. F. Club '16; Dramatic Club '15-'16; Literary Editor L'Acadien '16.

EMILE BERNARD OULLIBER

Commercial

Madisonville, La.

"You may know him by the company he keeps."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Avatar Society '14-'16.

GRACE ELMES DECOUX

Home Economics.

Kentwood, La.

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Attakapas Society '14-'16; Y. W. C. A. '14-'16; Dramatic Club '14-'16; Sec. Attakapas '16; Athletic Representative '14; Sec. and Treas. Senior Home Ecs. Class '16.

EUGENE DEBS TRIAY

Academic Industrial.

Lafayette, La

"To be great is to be misunderstood."

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Champion Indoor Baseball Team '12; Class Editor '12-'13; Secretary B. S. Club '14-'16; Treasurer Attakapas Society '15; Intercollegiate Debating Team '15; Exchange Editor Vermillion '16; Business Manager L'Acadien '16.

Eugene spends his time working for L'Acadien. His shoe bill is very high. If he is ever forgiven for being Business Manager this time, he swears it will never happen again.



WALLIE EUGENE SCOTT

Academic Industrial
Lafayette, La.

"Who would wish to be valued must make himself scarce."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Avatar Society '12; Class Secretary and Treasurer '12; Class Editor '14; Football '13-'14; Baseball '15-'16; Attakapas '16; Sow Club '16.

Wallie is an artist. How do we know? By his velvet waistcoat, soft flowing blue tie, and his long blond hair.

ELSIE TAYLOR

Home Economics.
Merryville, La.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Y. W. C. A. '15-'16; Sec'y. Avatar Society '15; L. O. F. Club '15-'16; Vice-President Homt Ecs. Class '15-'16; Sec. Y. W. C. A. '15.

Elsie's mission is to look after Bency. She is a good Samaritan.

OVEY TRAHAN

Stenography
Lafayette, La.

"He was so good, he would pour rose-water on a toad."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1915; Avatar Society '15.

WALTER WILLIAMS

Academic Industrial
New Orleans, La.

"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

Entered S. L. I. I. '09; Attakapas Society '09-'16; Athletic Representative Football Team '11-'13; Baseball Team '10-'15; Dramatic Club '14-'15.

"Yank" is noted for his perseverance both in love and in his studies. He is well versed in Latin, having specialized in it for years.



ELISE M'CONNELL

Home Economics.

Baton Rouge, La.

"Ambition is the last infirmity of a noble mind."

Entered S. L. I. I. '10; Sec'y. Class '11; Treas Attakapas Society '12; Vice President Attakapas Society '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief Vermillion '14-'15; Stage Manager Dramatic Club '14-'15.

In spite of the disadvantage in being a model, Elise has left behind her, a name for energy and good work.

HARVEY PARKER HOPKINS

Academic Industrial

Lafayette, La.

"Disguise our bondage as we will, 'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Champion Indoor Baseball Team '12; Pres. Sophomore and Junior Classes; Attakapas Literary Society '14-'16; Dramatic Club '15-'16; Pres. Athletic Association '14; Manager Football Team '14; Capt. Varsity Football Team '15; Associate Editor L'Acadien '16.

Harvey is a rare combination of athlete, social leader, and scholar. He is a star on the gridiron and believes in hitching his wagon to a constellation.

GEORGIA RICAUD

Academic Industrial

Centerville, La.

"Go to the ant thou sluggard, Consider her ways, and be wise."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Attakapas Society '14-'16; Dramatic Club '15-'16; Literary Editor Attakapas '15; Class President '15; L. O. F. Club '15-'16.

She lives to give house parties.

CYRIL ALEX GROUCHY

Academic Industrial

Baton Rouge, La.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, and therefore, let's be merry."

Entered S. L. I. I. '13 from L. S. U.; Attakapas Society '13-'16; Debating Club '13-'14; Dramatic Club '13-'15; Pres. Class '15; Varsity Football Team '14-'15; Vermillion Staff '14-'15; Capt. Varsity Baseball Team '16.

This gay Lothario has many strings to his bow. We think he thinks too much about too many. Now we see him around and now we don't, like a jack-in-the-box.



LUKE EUGENE BOURGEOIS

Stenography

Lafayette, La.

"The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

Entered S. L. I. I. '13; Editor Commercial Class '14; President '15; Commercial Graduate '15; Pres. Stenography Class '15; Class Editor '16; Avatar Society '15-'16; Band '15-'16.

Luke is not a timid boy. He will tell you how he once won a debate for the Avatars.

BERTHA CLEMONS LYLES

Home Economics.

Cheneyville, La.

"Tis better to be brief than tedious."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Attakapas Society '14-'16; Tennis Club '14-'16; Pres. Home Ecs. Class '14-'15; Pres. Y. W. C. A. '15-'16.

Her friends say:

"A sweeter singer was never heard,
Sweeter than the mocking bird,
Or the song of the nightingale
In its flight o'er hill and dale.

WILLIAM THOMAS GREELY

Stenography

Gibson, La.

"The noisiest drum hath nothing in it but air."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Graduate in Book-keeping '15; Medal in Book-keeping '15; Pres Stenog. Class '16; Avatar Society '14-'16; Vermillion Staff '15-'16; Scrub Foot-ball '14-'15. Athletic Association Bookkeeper '16; L'Acadien Staff '15-'16.

William is a popular lad. He is a linguist of note with his fingers.

ARTHUR JOSEPH DUGAS

Teachers' Training

Lafourche Crossing.

"He has three hands, right, left and a little behind hand."

Entered S. L. I. I. '15 from L. S. N.; Avatar Society '15-'16.



ROMAIN K. BOURQUE
Commercial
Milton, La.

"The iron will of one stout heart
shall make a thousand quail."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1914; Avatar Lit-
erary Society '14-'15.

LOUISE GERMAIN ALLEMAN
Academic Industrial
Centerville, La.

"We live today, we die tomorrow,
so let's be happy."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Attakapas
Society '14-'16; Tennis Club '14-'15;
Class Editor '15-'16; Sec. L. O. F.
Club '15-'16; Senior Six '16; Dramatic
Club '15-'16.

Louise is terribly ambitious to be
just nothing. She thrives best on
candy.

PAUL C. MCTTY
Commercial
Abbeville, La.

"Neither handsome enough to kill,
nor ugly enough to frighten."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1915; Avatar So-
ciety '15-'16; Class Librarian '16.

MARY APOLINE LALANDE
Home Economics
Napoleonville, La.

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Pres. of
Class '15; Avatar Literary Society
'14-'16; Tennis Club '15-'16; L. O. F.
Club '15-'16; Dramatic Club '15-'16.

"We hear Marie begin her tread,
At twelve o'clock she goes to bed.
At 4 A. M. with carols gay,
She wakes the girls up for the day."



CLARA MARIE RUPETER

Commercial
Lafayette, La.

"I work for knowledge and not for notoriety."

Entered S. L. I. I. '13; Avatar Literary Society.



CHARLES HENRY SIADOUS

Teachers' Training
Lafayette, La.

"Ah, why should life all labor be?"

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Capt. Champion Indoor Base-ball Team '12; President Class '13-'14; Varsity Football '14; Base-ball Team '13-'16; Manager Foot-ball Team '15-'16; President Athletic Association '15-'16; Class Athletic Representative '14-'16; Attakapas Society '15-'16.

Henry's office of president of the Athletic Association weighs heavily on him. He reminds one of old Atlas.



NELLIE LOUISE STEWART

Teachers' Training
Welsh La.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Entered S. L. I. I. '15; Avatar Society '15-'16; Tennis Club '15-'16; S. F. Club; Business Manager Tennis Club '16.



EDGAR RANDOLPH BEADLE

Commercial
Morgan City, La.

"No fine clothes can hide the clown."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1914; Graduate Stenography Dept. '15; Winner Gold medal in Typewriting '15; Commercial Class Critic '15-'16; Attakapas Society '15-'16.





FLOSSIE MAY ADAMS

Academic Industrial

Lafayette, La.

"Penny wise and pound foolish."

Entered S. L. I. I. '10; Class President '10-'11; Class Vice-President '13-'14; Glee Club '11-'12; Quartette '15-'16; Avatar Society '10-'16.

Her nimble fingers on the piano are the inspiration of the Rooters' Club.

SOMERS HAYES SMITH

Commercial

Franklin, La.

"He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1915; Attakapas Society '15-'16; Track Team '16; Vice President Class '16.

MABEL POCHE

Teachers' Training

St. James, La.

"To see her is to love her."

Entered S. L. I. I. from L. S. N. '15; Sec. Avatar Society '16; Dramatic Club; Assistant Stage Manager '15; Stage Manager '16; M. I. S. Club '16.

EARL A. LeBLANC

Commercial

Port Arthur, Texas.

"He will never set the Thames on fire."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1915; Baseball Team '15; Track Team '16; Avatar Society '15-'16; D. D. S. Society '15-'16.



EDNA MARY GREVENBERG

Teachers Training
Lafayette, La.

"She that was ever fair and never proud."

Entered S. L. I. I. '11; Class Sec. and Treas. '13-'14; Attakapas Society '14-'15.

CLAY ELLIOT THOMAS

Academic Industrial
Talisheek, La.

"My only books were woman's looks, and folly's all they've taught me."

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Attakapas Society '14-'16; Dramatic Club '14-'16; Basketball Team '14-'16; Class Sec. '13; Tennis Club '14-'16; Class Treas. '14; Exchange Editor Vermillion '14-'15; Band '14-'16.

Mr. Sontag says Clay is such a sweet boy.

CHARLES EDWARD STEIDTMANN

Academic Industrial
Ponchatoula, La.

"It is a hard nut to crack."

Entered S. L. I. I. '13; Pres. Avatar Society '14-'15; President Dramatic Club '15-'16; Tennis Club '13-'14; Class Editor '13-'14; Debating Club '13-'14; Business Manager Vermillion '14-'15; Editor-in-Chief Vermillion '15-'16; B. S. Club '14-'16.

His friends say:

"He was a man, take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again."

ALEX WARD SWORDS

Academic Industrial
Opelousas, La.

"A lazy boy and a warm bed are difficult to part."

Entered S. L. I. I. '11; Band '11-'16; Champion Baseball Team '12; Editor Attakapas Society '16; Joke Editor Vermillion '15-'16; Joke Editor L'Aca-dien '16.

No one knows what will happen to Alex. He debated once. He could have been an orator, so his friends say, if he hadn't over-slept. Alex is a confirmed bachelor.



MARY ELISABETH DENBO
Academic Industrial
Lafayette, La.

"You must judge a maiden at the kneading trough, and not in the dance."

Entered S. L. I. I. '12; Pres. Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior Classes; Dramatic Club '16; Sec. Attakapas Society '15; Sec. Athletic Association '15-'16; Associate Editor Vermillion '16; Glee Club; Senior Six '15-'16.

Her friends say:

"She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with and pleasant, too, to think of."

IRENE MARIE DE LALOIRE
Stenography

St. Martinsville, La.

"It is the quiet people who are dangerous."

Entered S. L. I. I. '15; Avatar Literary Society '15-'16; Girls' Basketball Team '15-'16.

FANNIE EWING

Home Economics.

Abbeville, La.

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Attakapas Literary Society '14-'16; Chairman Social Committee '15-'16; L. O. F. '15-'16.

FLO DEA DUNHAM

Home Economics.

Slidell, La.

"A little pot is soon hot."

Entered S. L. I. I. '14; Avatar Society '14-'16; Class Reporter '14-'15; Athletic Representative '15-'16; Dramatic Club '15-'16; Tennis Club '14-'15; Y. W. C. A. '15-'16.

Her friends say:

"She was classed among the bright
And always tried to do what's right;
So that when the honors came
Upon the list would be her name."



CLAUDE M. CORBETT
Teachers' Training
Ridge, La.

"I would help others out of a fellow feeling."

Entered S. L. I. I. 1911; Principal
of Burke School 1915-16.

Senior Class Officers

President	Elisabeth Denbo
Vice-President	Jeanne Comeaux
Secretary and Treasurer	Harvey Hopkins
Editor	Louise Alleman
Class Poet	Harvey Hopkins
Class Prophet	Wallie Scott
Class Historian	Alex Swords

HISTORY OF SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS.



It seems as but a day since we the class of '16 entered the doors of Southwestern to take up the studies offered to us by this institution. But, in reality, five long years have passed; five years of hard earnest work, in which we have met difficulties and have mastered them, and because of having mastered them, we have become stronger in will, in intellect, and in our ambition to overcome any obstacles no matter what they may be.

For some of us the road has been longer and rougher than for others, but as we approach the end we know full well that it only leads into a much harder one to travel, which in turn, leads us on to a land from which no traveler returns.

A mere record of passing events can scarcely be called history until it is looked at thru the telescope of years; but who can tell but that some day this short record may be the means of tracing the life history of one of our members who has become famous?

On September 16, 1911, a part of our class came to this school from different sections of this great state and some from other states, but all with the same view: to broaden our minds by education so that we might better our condition in life, and at the same time, that of our countrymen and society in general.

Of this part of the class there are few remaining, for most of them either through their misfortunes, or their lack of ambition to measure up to the standard required of them, have been dropped from the roll of our class and in most cases, from that of the school. For these members we entertain a deep sympathy and deplore the fact that they cannot share the honors we shall receive in May. The other and larger part of our class entered Southwestern during the month of January 1912. They, but for a few exceptions, are still here and constitute with us and a few members that have joined the class since, the class of '16.

As I write this history a thousand memories rush through my brain. I can see with my mind's eye the old familiar faces of the upper classmen smiling at us for our timidity and taunting us with the term "Freshie" as we passed them on our way to and from classes. I can see myself with my classmates pondering over some "crazy" example in Algebra or fuming because we could not plane a block of wood straight. How clearly do I see the jubilant faces of my classmates and how distinctly do I remember their wild exclamations of rejoicing the day we defeated the Senior Class of that year, in indoor baseball, thereby winning the pennant and the school championship. But, ah! how

striking the contrast between the faces of that day and the sad, scared ones that might have been seen coming into the examination room, the morning of the first exam.

After four months of vacation, we returned to Southwestern, glad that we were together once more and resolved to study harder than we had studied the previous year. How exultant we were over the fact that we were no longer despised "Freshies" but distinguished "Sophs.," with the privileges of associating with the higher classmen, or tormenting the new-comers—provided there was no teacher around to protect the poor innocent things—as we had been tormented the year before.

Then came the grind of every day work, and with the raising of the standard of the institution one-half term, setting the date of graduation and the goal to which we aspired, farther away. This however did not discourage us, but instead, it acted as a spur to urge us on to greater efforts; for we reasoned, "Do we not profit by it?" "A wise man shall attain unto wise counsels." This we did, and have not only profited by it from the fact that we have had to study more subjects, but this one disappointment has helped us to bear those that followed, and will no doubt, help us to bear those to come.

During our third year here we began the study of sciences, and for many nights the black darkness of the massive walls of the dormitories were broken here and there by a narrow beam of light, telling the story of some poor boy burning midnight oil, pondering over some long equation in chemistry or trying to drum into his head Charles' and Boyle's Law. Thus we went thru chemistry; some days struggling with a problem, some days choking almost to death while performing an experiment with chlorine or some other poisonous gas; and now and then punctuating the drudgery by an explosion or an accident, and oft times both.

In our fourth year we suffered another raise of standard, causing the date of our graduation to be moved still farther from us and more and harder subjects thrust upon us. During this session we did all kinds of work, from testing milk and cream and inspecting dairies, to making tools in the forge shop; and the girls, not having the privilege of working in this inferno, got their share of burns and disappointments in the cooking or domestic science department. It was in the latter part of this year that we had to wrestle with Physics and Trig.; and

besides these, French and Latin, and English Literature occupied a considerable part of our precious time.

We are now in our last year of schooling here, with only a few more months left. Are we glad that we are about to wind up our successful career at this institution? No. We love this school, our teachers and the many friends we have made while in Lafayette, and we are loath to leave them; but we are conscious of a duty that calls us out into the world to begin our mission in life and we must answer this call. For some it may be one thing, for others another; but for all, our mission is to help in the uplift of mankind both morally and educationally, and in this way show our appreciation for the many favors bestowed upon us by our God, our government, and our Alma Mater.

In conclusion we wish to thank these good men and women, these apostles of education and morality, for the time, the trouble, and the patience they have expended in giving us this foundation of education, also for the kindness they have shown us while here, for the unceasing efforts to make of us good enlightened citizens. We also wish to thank the people of Lafayette Parish for the part they played in establishing this school, and thereby the means of our education. Last but not least, we wish to extend our thanks to the good legislators and far sighted men who conceived the idea of such an institution and to the tax-payer who made this idea practicable.

Comrades, we have come to the parting of the ways, but as you step forth from this institution, remember that your Alma Mater expects great things of you, and that this is not the end, but the beginning.



"As Through A Glass Darkly"

"Say Tom, tomorrow is the 24th day of May. Yes, just think of it, the 24th of May, 1925, and it is the ninth anniversary of our graduation, from S. L. I. I. down in Louisiana! I think we shall have to celebrate. Suppose we tour the states for a few months. Is it a go?"

"Sure Scott, we need a vacation, anyway."

We left New York the next morning, and our first stop was Chicago. As Tom had a frightful toothache, we started in search of a dentist as soon as we arrived. We were soon rewarded for all our walking by seeing a large sign that read thus: "False sets made to order in two hours."

We entered and after waiting for an hour or so, we were admitted into the doctor's presence and to our amazement, we were facing none other but old Capt. Hopkins. We all had had an idea that he would become a farmer. The surprise cured Dutch's tooth without any other remedy, so we started back to the hotel.

Well, we had hardly left Hopkins' office before we saw two officers pulling along a well dressed lady who was screaming at the top of her voice. We couldn't see her face, but we learned that she was the leading suffragette of Chicago, Miss Justine Fiegel; and she had just succeeded in smashing in forty-three show windows valued at \$5,000.

Our next stop was St. Louis, and that night we went around to a big socialist meeting. The first speaker was a stranger but the next one who stepped out on the platform was Mr. Eugene Triay. His speech was a howling success.

We left for Denver, Colorado, the next day at noon. While on the train we met Annie Alleman with her four children. She was on her way to Salt Lake City at which place she was to meet her husband who was traveling with Ringling Brothers' Circus.

After reaching Denver we were told that court was in session, so we stepped around to hear the outcome of some of the cases. Now being surprised so much on our tour, we merely gave a slight start when we saw Alex Swords on the stand. He was about to be pinched for exceeding the speed limit and running over Policeman Ricaud, who thinking he was a jitney, tried to flag him down. We paid his fine, and he took us for a spin over the city, and as it was nearly twelve we went around to the famous French Cafe, which was owned and operated by Miss Jeanne Comeaux, of Youngsville, Louisiana. The gumbo was first rate, and Jeanne told us she had just received six carloads of garlic from Cyril Grouchy's garlic farm near Franklin, Louisiana.

We next found ourselves in San Francisco, and while there we met Louise Alleman, a maid of thirty now, selling pamphlets on "The Raising of Healthy Babies." Dutsch and I bought one for luck, and wishing her success we took the Deluxe for Louisiana.

We stopped a few days at Vinton, La., with the idea of speculating in some oil land, and while there we learned that Henry Siadons was working for the Cumberland Telephone Co., digging post holes between Vinton and a new oil field.

We arrived in New Orleans a few days later and as it was late at night when we reached the city, we dropped in a short-order restaurant and were served coffee by Mr. Walter Williams, who was chief waiter, and a dandy one too. Walter told us that Flossie Adams had been disappointed in some love affair and that she was about to bid farewell to the world to enter a convent. "Poor Flossie!"

On picking up a two-day old paper I was somewhat surprised at the large head lines, which read something like this, "National Bank Robbed." Further on it told of the twelve hour hunt of the now famous detective, Mr. Edward Steidtmann, who had captured the crooks after a hard fight. These crooks were none other than our friends Wilnot Dalferes, known in the underworld as Slippery Dal and Clay Thomas, alias Little Tom. Now we all thought Dalferes would be rich some day, but we supposed he would be a politician instead of a "safe teaser."

On our way back to New York, we stopped over a few days in Richmond, Virginia, and upon looking through the city directory, we found that Miss Elisabeth Denbo was President of the American Chewing Gum Company.



WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS.

I.

There is a boy in our class,
The rest of us could ne'er surpass,
For from the first he grew so tall,
He was five feet when he began to crawl.
Now you can tell as well as not,
The person referred to is Wallie Scott.

II.

The smartest girl in our class,
Altho' big in brains is a wee bit of a lass.
First, Avogadro's Hypothesis she wanted to know,
Before she thought she deserved to grow.
Of course, dear reader, you've already guessed,
That it is with Jeanne, our class is blessed.

III.

The busiest person in our class,
Into whose head various plans will mass,
Scheming and planning to issue this book,
And come out on top by hook or by crook,
His bed, poor fellow, is one of briar,
You all know the boy—Eugene Triay.

IV.

The prettiest blond in our class,
With beauty and charms, of fashion the glass,
Not only in looks does she far excel,
But her common sense will our attention compel,
To whom I refer—of course you know,
Who else could it be but Bess Denbo?

V.

The greatest orator in our class,
Has displayed his eloquence in sounding brass,
In an argument he can't be beat,
For he simply will not accept defeat;
In a battle of words he takes great delight;
Tootie's ever ready for a verbal fight.

VI.

Another boy in our class,
Has never been known to love a lass.
As an orator he possesses a silver tongue,
His audience breathless on his words has hung
His name could be used to whittle boards,
For he is known, you see, as Alex Swords.

VII.

About the quietest girl in our class,
Who never was heard her elders to "sass,"
In mathematics she always shone,
Could figure cube root and area of cone,
And always took things as they came;
I suppose you know that Ammie's her name.

VIII.

A girl who stars in our class,
At her name, of course, you'll make a pass,
She studies hard and comes prepared,
To hear the truths of knowledge bared,
To this girl belongs much credit,
Justine Fiegel—there I said it.

IX.

There is a boy in our class,
If he doesn't understand won't let pass
A problem in Algebra, Analytics, or Trig;
For time or tide he cares not a fig.
At first if the problem he fails to see,
Frenchy says, "Mr. Carnes, you'll have to show me."

X.

Another member of our class,
Who always studies till she's green as grass,
Has never been known to fret at work,
Never a duty does she shirk,
This fair maid of raven hair,
Her name?—ask Triay—if you dare.

XI.

A distinguished member of our class,
Learning he jumps at, as at the hook, a bass.
You'd say he is large and rather tall,
But he studies so hard, he's nearly bald;
His name would make an ally run,
For it's German you know—Ed. Steidtmann.

XII.

There's another blond in our class,
To whom I can't do justice, Alas!
She's always attentive to what you say,
According to Thomas, she's a winning way,
I'll tell you her name if you want to know,
This fair maid is—Georgie Ricand.

XIII.

We have an athlete in our class,
Whom at shooting goals, few surpass,
And he's just as skilled in conquering hearts,
In the shade he puts Cupid with all his darts,
Now this lad who so loves to dally,
Is no one else but old King Tally.

XIV.

About the oldest girl in our class,
There, don't flare up—hear me out my lass,
Oldest I said and oldest 'tis true,
Oldest in wisdom—We envy you.
Concerning your age you thought I spoke,
But now you see, Flossie, 'twas only a joke.

XV.

Ah! there is another in our class,
The boy who gets there through his brass.
Concerning the ladies, Cyril's right there,
On the diamond he's a star, on the gridiron a bear;
Of the feats of this lad I could not tell,
Should I keep writing till the freezing of—(Censored.)

XVII.

Now patient reader, we've come to the last,
Accept this nightmare as a dream of the past.
If you'll forgive this unpardonable sin,
I swear on my honor I'll not do it agin.
And if you are curious my name to know,
Take a guess at my initials just below.

H. P. H.



SENIOR HOME ECONOMICS.

OFFICERS.

President	Bertha Lyles
Vice President	Elsie Taylor
Secretary and Treasurer	Elmes Decoux
Editor	Helen Funk
Athletic Representative	Flo Dunham

THIS IS TO INTRODUCE TO YOU THE HOME ECONOMICS
CLASS OF 1916.



OW that we have reached the zenith of our influence among the classes—(and faculty)—we may calmly and pleasurably look back over the rigorous path we have trod to this eminence, and feel our chests expand in the cool, delicious atmosphere of superior knowledge.

The pioneers of our class are Elsie McConnell and Fannie Ewing, and the late comers are Beney Eaves, Elsie Taylor, Laura Belle Copes, Flo Dunham, Elmes Decoux, Marie Lelande, Mattie Clark and Bertha Lyles. There is still one other who will graduate in January 1917, Helen Funk. All these, both early and late comers, are the best products of the high schools of the state.

It has been a process of the survival of the fittest, but as all of us have survived, it can readily be seen that our class is composed of the best material of the state, and is one of the choicest blossoms that has bloomed in the intellectual gardens of S. L. I. I.

While our class has no football, or basketball girls, we have not dispensed with athletics entirely, as anyone frequenting the tennis courts can testify.

The floors of the cooking and sewing laboratories have been polished so industriously and well that we are thankful to leave the field with our valuable bones unbroken, altho Mrs. Miller, Beney and Elise have tested them to their satisfaction.

One thing that should always redound to the credit, and high-minded spirit of the Class of '16 is that we always obey orders—(when convenient)—When a fire alarm is given, we are always first upon the scene, and we return with—(de) merit.

It is with a feeling of half pleasure and half regret that we leave you, beloved S. L. I. I. We go out into the cold and unfeeling world, but there will ever be a warm spot in our hardened hearts, that will respond to the touch of our Alma Mater.

HOME ECONOMICS CLASS PROPHECY.



SINCE my earliest childhood I have been a dreamer, a day dreamer, and those dreams have soared so high, have been so visionary, so unreal, that my life has been spent up in the clouds unmarred by the cares and strifes of this world. So vivid do these dreams appear that at times I wonder if they are not really true and this real life of ours the dreams.

One beautiful day in June in the year 1925 I was sitting on the South veranda of my beautiful country home, day dreaming as usual. The sun was slowly sinking in the west and as I involuntarily lifted my eyes in that direction the wondrous beauty of the scene disturbed my dreaming. This was only for a moment however for soon the world was lost to me and I was sailing on the beautiful blue ocean pictured in the sunset.

As my journey progressed I came to a country of marvelous beauty. Beyond the gray-black hills there lay a purple cloud that mimicked the empty space that stretched along and beyond the horizon. But above the cloud, unreal in its isolation and its transcendent beauty, rose the solemn, snowy stillness of Mont Blanc. It was like a vision of the new Jerusalem, like the dazzle of walls of Jasper, like a glimpse of another world, radiant, perfect, eternal. As I stood entranced by the beauty of the scene I heard a silvery ripple of laughter float from the hills back of me. I turned and saw two ladies coming slowly down the hillside. They seemed to be very happy and very interested in each other. Curiosity got the best of me and I found myself watching them closely. As they drew near their graceful walk and the motions they made with their hands while talking, together with the laugh, brought back tender memories to me. By this time they had drawn quite near and I heard one young lady say, "But you have only been here two weeks, surely Manuel would consent to stay at least two weeks longer." There was no mistaking that voice and with open arms I ran to meet Elmes and Laura. They were as glad to see me as I was to see them and after exchanging greetings I asked what they were doing in Switzerland. Elmes did not stop to answer but took my hand and led me to a beautiful spot and showed me the landscape she had just finished painting. After a great deal of coaxing Laura told me she had married a prominent physician of New Orleans a month ago and on their honeymoon they had stopped to visit Elmes whose fame as an artist was rapidly becoming known throughout the civilized world.

Elmes insisted that I remain with her that night and go to hear the renowned soprano Rosalie Behr, who was to sing at the Orphenm. We arrived at the theatre just in time for the first performance. As the curtain rolled up out tripped a little lady, smiling and nodding to the applause of the audience. Could it be true or were my eyes deceiving me, for the renowned soprano was no other than my old classmate, Bertha Lyles. We arranged to speak to her after the program and learned that she had been traveling all over Europe for the last two years. She asked me if I had seen Marie and when I told her I had not, she said that Marie had never outgrown her love for dancing and was now a charming dancer, as well as a leader, in Parisian society.

Bertha, Elmes, Laura and I talked quite a while about things which had happened since we left each other at S. L. I. I., but "time and tide waits for no man," so at last each had to bid the other farewell and go her way. During my journey I saw many wonderful places, peoples, and things that I had never seen before but everything was not prosperity, for soon I came to the devastated country of Belgium. Since I had read so much about the condition of Belgium during the war I decided to spend a week in Brussels. The second day of my sojourn there I visited the hospital where great numbers of wounded soldiers were still residing. As I entered the largest hospital there, I noticed a tall, slender nurse coming from an outer room. As I did not know where to go or what to do, I thought I would overtake her and ask for information. When I reached her side and started to speak, she turned her head, and with an exclamation of surprise and joy, Mattie and I stood face to face. After she had taken me through the various apartments of the hospital we bade each other good-bye. Later I found out that Mattie had donated twenty thousand dollars to help build the hospital in which she was the head nurse.

My visit in Belgium was at an end and I soon found myself in the great city of London. After registering at a hotel I retired to my room where I was drowsily glancing through a morning newspaper when I saw these words in big headlines, "A New Invention. Flo Dunham, professor of Bacteriology in Oxford University, has recently invented a more accurate titrator with which there is no danger of more than one drop of a solution escaping at a time." I was scarcely over the shock of reading of Flo as a Bacteriologist when the 'phone rang. Wondering who it could be I took up the receiver and to my astonishment Helen Funk's clear voice sounded in my ear. She told me of how she had heard of my arrival in London and that she had rung up to tell

me to come to the demonstration she would give that morning at nine o'clock. Upon entering into conversation she told me that she had been employed by the International Packing Association as a demonstrator of meats for the past year and was having great success.

Flo, Helen and I were enjoying ourselves immensely when I received a letter stating that business at home needed my attention. I left London the next day, deciding to return home by way of the Panama Canal as I had often wished to see this wonderful work of man. I therefore planned to make San Francisco my landing place. When the shore was reached I started pushing my way through the crowd to catch a car when my attention was attracted by a small, girlish face near me. There seemed to be something familiar about the child and I looked up at its mother, who was much taller than I, and I recognized Fannie Ewing. She seemed occupied with the child and had not noticed me. She was very glad to see me and told me she was there to meet her sister, and insisted that I go home with them. When her sister arrived Fannie, who was now Mrs. Silberberg, led us to a magnificent car and we rode far from the din of the city to a beautiful little bungalow situated in the midst of groves of orange trees. Her husband was a prosperous merchant of San Francisco. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Silberberg took me for a spin in their car around the city. As we passed houses and buildings of various sizes and types we noticed a large crowd of people in front of a beautiful stone structure. We stopped to see what was drawing the crowd and were informed that Mrs. Williams, the noted suffragist, was giving a lecture on "Woman's Rights." We finally pushed our way through the crowd and got inside so we could hear. The speaker's voice rang out in clear and even tones. The audience listened with increasing interest to her vehement words and when she uttered the last phrase the building resounded with the hearty applause. As we were getting back in the car who should we see but the lecturer coming toward us and a tall, handsome man following her. Fannie said, "Elise, that lady is coming over here," and in the next instant Elise and Walter were talking to us. Fannie invited them to join us in our ride and while taking in San Francisco, Elise told us how she became a lecturer on Suffrage and how ardently Walter, now her husband, had sanctioned this movement. After a delightful tour of the city we took Elise and Walter to their home.

That night, as I sat at Mrs. Silberberg's playing the piano in a drowsy fashion someone jerked me violently by the shoulder and said, "Elsie Taylor, will you ever stop dreaming? It is time we were dress-

ing for dinner." As the last edge of the sun sank slowly beyond the horizon my vision faded and I heard a voice calling, "All right! Dream if you want to. You know we promised to be in the city and dine with the Kraukeurs at nine." Then I realized I was sitting on the veranda of my own home and Beney was reminding me of our promise to the Kraukeurs. Beney and I were still enjoying single blessedness and were living together, in the summer in our magnificent country home in Clouderoft, N. M., and in the winter in our home in El Paso, Texas.





AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT



THE fundamental function of the Agricultural department is to prepare the student first for active farm life, secondly as a teacher of agriculture in our secondary agricultural

schools and thirdly as a Government farm demonstrator. It would be well for us to review the various studies given by the department of agriculture at S. L. I. I.

The departments are as follows: The Horticultural, Feeds and Feeding, Farm Crops, Soils and Fertilizers and Animal Industry. With a thorough training given in these studies almost any man who is graduated from this department is able to go out into the world and fight the battle of life with a good knowledge of his work. Just lately has the agricultural boom hit this country and not only men who intend to be farmers are taking this work, but professional men are studying it as a side line.

No more do we hear the call to the city; it is now the call to the country because the people in the city as a rule are getting poorer. Louisiana has never had a greater opportunity than she is having now, for the South is the place for the industrious man and his family and with the agricultural possibilities of Louisiana there is no reason in the world why our state should not succeed.

I mention this only to show you the possibilities there are for the young man who is attending a school like S. L. I. I. There is not a school in the State of Louisiana that is giving the practical work in agriculture that this school is giving; and I dare say that we are not very far behind any University in the South in our line of work and second to none in any school of our class.

We are in a position to do a great deal of good for our community, but the first thing we must do is to educate the people away from the one crop problem of cane and cotton. We should diversify by raising for instance, pure bred hogs and graded dairy herds, but we must not let the crops go all together. A great many farmers are still skeptical but they are being educated to the fact that this school is behind them and is willing to do its share.

STENOGRAPHY.

Colors: Purple and White.

OFFICERS OF CLASS 1916.

President	William Greely
Vice-President	Irene DeLaloire
Secretary and Treasurer	Edna Verret
Editor	Luke Bourgeois
Critic	J. G. Gates
Athletic Representative	Harry Pitre

STENOGRAPHY.



IN the fall of 1915, our small class which then consisted of 13 members, began to climb the steep and rough hill, whose summit we have now reached. Although some were unfortunate and fell by the wayside, we are 10 who are prepared for the Business World.

Our foremost intention was to be the best and most efficient class of Stenographers that S. L. I. I. had ever produced, and to be of some use to the Business World of today. I feel safe in saying that our intentions have been fulfilled, and that we are ready for the Battle of Life.

To the Junior Class, we wish to express our appreciation of having had them with us, and we wish them luck and prosperity in the remaining part of their course. We also urge them to use every minute of their time as they have a long furrow to plow in a short time.

We also hate to leave S. L. I. I. which has done so much for us and we hope that we will all have the opportunity some day of enrolling here in some other department.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Motto: Hands that Work, Hearts that Love, Brains that Think.

Flower: Sweet Pea.

Colors: Green and White.

OFFICERS

President	Ione Joret
Vice-President	Somers Smith
Secretary and Treasurer	Blaine Cotter
Athletic Representative	Locke Gauthier
Librarian	Paul Motty
Editor	Earl LeBlanc

PROPHECY.

Time and setting: A drowsy hot day. A maid asleep under an oak tree.

1st Picture.

Large mill in the South.
Romain Bourque, bookkeeper.

2nd Picture.

Court House—Voices wrangling.
Donald Collette, Criminal Judge.

3rd Picture.

Broadway Theatre—Eager and interested crowd.
Edgar Beadle, Noted Comedian.

4th Picture.

A scene in India among the Heathen.
Clara Rupeter, a missionary of the Gospel.

5th Picture.

Large Library. Every one reading same book.
Author, Locke Gauthier.

6th Picture.

In front of a brown stone mansion on 5th Avenue.
Emile Oulliber about to enter a limousine.

7th Picture.

Famous college in N. Y. Two professors walking in the grounds,
—Paul Motty and Hyder Davidson.

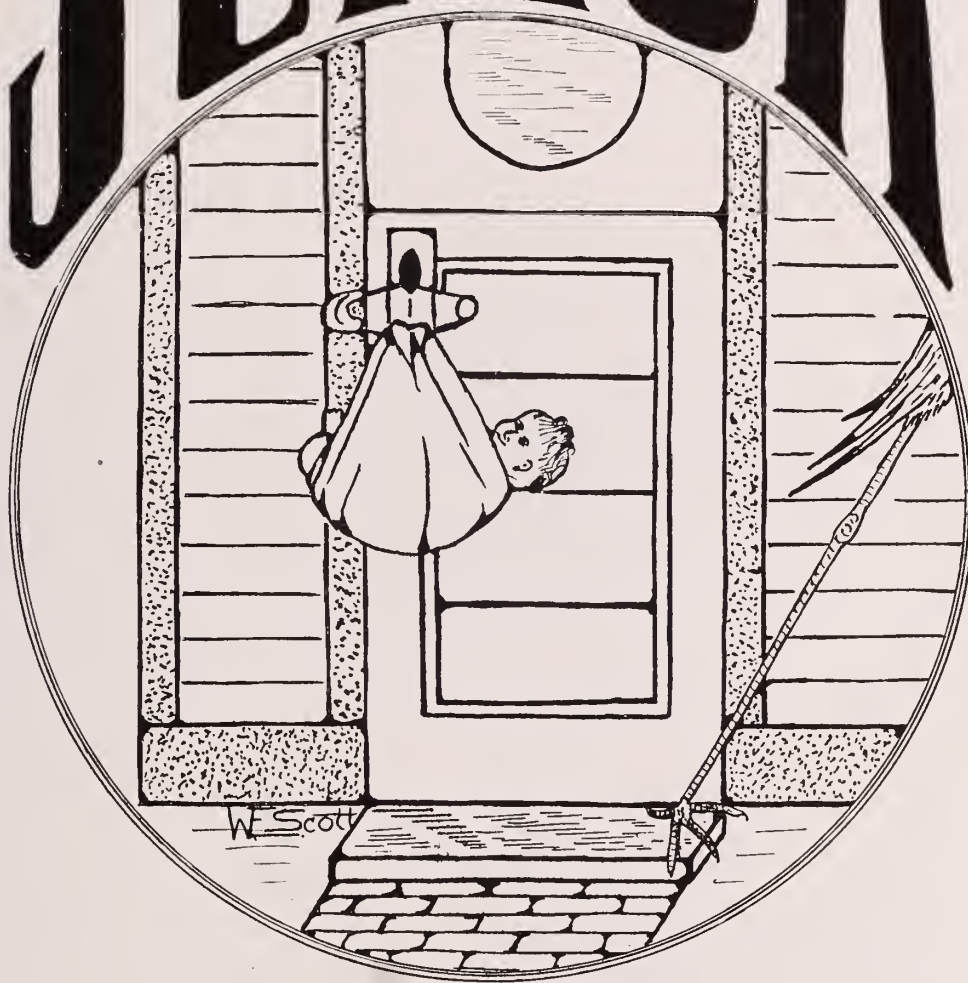
8th Picture.

Auditorium in same College.
Prof. Earl LeBlanc speaking on Preparedness.

9th Picture.

Washington, D. C. Grand procession. Inauguration of President of U. S., Somers Smith.

JUNIOR



Academic Industrial

OFFICERS.

January 1917.

President	Gay Walsh
Vice-President	Raoul Mouton
Secretary and Treasurer	Clovis Landry
Editor	Grace Jordan
Athletic Representative	Emile Drouet

Officers.

MAY, 1917.

President	Edward Daigle
Vice-President	Ella Breaux
Editor	Merritt Girard
Secretary and Treasurer	Helen Milburn

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

Marvin Anglin	Ophe Hebert
Edna Aucoin	Richard Helmer
Corinne Baudry	Pierre Hernandez
George Bienvenue	Rivers Jones
Marie Bonvillian	Grace Jordan
Ella Breaux	Edith Lacy
Edward Daigle	Clovis Landry
Maxime Dalferes	Helen Milburn
Bienville Domengeaux	Raoul Mouton
Emile Drouet	Early Sharp
Joseph Drouet	Herbert Sills
Agnes Duhon	Franklin St. Cyr
Williemel Durio	George Stromer
Otto Gauthier	Clarence Thompson
Merritt Girard	Curtis Vidrine
John Hebert	Gay Walsh



Junior Teachers

THE TEACHERS TRAINING CLASS, 1917.

OFFICERS.

President	Gertrude Sanders
Vice-President	Felix Monela
Secretary and Treasurer	Thelma Edens
Editor	Violet Bollinger

Colors: Maroon and Gold.

Motto: Conquer Thyself.

“The teacher lives forever. On and on
Through all the generations he shall preach
The beautiful evangel—on and on
Till our poor race has passed the tortuous years
That lie fore-reaching the millennium,
And far into that broad and open sea
He shall sail, singing still the songs he taught
To the world’s youth, and shall sing them o’er and o’er
To lapping waters, till the thousand leagues
Are overpast—and argosy and crew
Ride at the port.”



THE introduction of the two years’ teachers course brought many candidates to S. L. I. I. With the exception of one, all members of this class belong to the fair sex, although we are of various types, sizes and disposition.

Since our advent last summer we have gained much valuable information concerning instincts and capacities, logarithms, and former methods of teaching. Our chief aim now is to learn how to instruct, and also to gain knowledge of political economy. But do not think gentle reader that these are our only branches of study, for we are slowly but surely improving in art and in our method of taking gym as well as in our other subjects.

Six members of the class have distinguished themselves by making the Varsity ball teams, in fact our only boy won an “S” and sweater in football. We are justly proud of our athletic members for we have learned that the vigorous man or woman is a clear thinker. The ambition of all people, especially teachers, should be to think clearly and as we are no exception to this general rule, such is our aim.



JUNIOR HOME ECONOMICS CLASS, 1917.

Motto: Deeds not Dreams.

Flower: Sweet Pea.

Colors: Green and Lavender.

OFFICERS.

President	Henrietta Griffith
Vice-President	Eva Broussard
Secretary	Alma Mestayer
Treasurer	Thelma Fontenot
Editor	Margaret Lyles

Teachers Training Course Roll

Laura Beadle	Hortense Begnaud	Amalita Bernard
Violet Bollinger	Lettie Boulet	Noida Brasseux
Mamie Carriere	Patricia Carter	Catherine Chavanne
Cora Comeaux	Flora Connely	Bernadette Couvillion
Lucy DiCarlo	Helen Dunham	Helen Dupuis
Jessie Dutsch	Thelma Edens	Henry Ethel Estorge
Compton Frere	Ethel Hereford	Lillian Herpeche
Cecelia Hewitt	Blanche Jewell	Beulah Lynch
Irene Marques	Elia Moreaux	Felix Moncla
Sibyll Nehls	Nettie O'Bryan	Elma Patterson
Rose Perilloux	Kathryn Rogers	Gertrude Sanders
Helena Sanders	Helena Saucier	Inez Schindler
Frances Simon	Pearl Simon	Nell Stafford
Alma Tatman	Mabel Theriot	Edna Triche
Corinne Trosclair	Freda Veazey	Linda Verret
Edda Webre	Annie Williams	



Teachers Class

“WE HAVE WITH US TONIGHT.”



We have with us tonight Mr. Bienville Domengeaux, the great French scholar. He will speak to you in his native tongue on the subject, “Que l'on devrait enseigner le francais six ans au lieu de trois ici.”

We wish to introduce Mr. George Bienvenu who is to be John Drew's successor behind the footlights. He will speak on the subject “The Vieissitudes and Vicariousness of the Histrionic Art.”

Mr. Emile Dronet, our member from the Red River district, will speak on the disadvantages of the present style in clothes and why overalls should be substituted instead.

We have the pleasure of having with us Mr. Raoul Mouton, who will give us a practical demoustration of the law of inertia.

The next speaker is Mr. Curtis Vidrine, who will speak on the subject “How I Would Run the World.”

Mr. Gay Walsh we are sorry to say, begs to be excused from speaking as he is too bashful.

Mr. Edward Daigle, our next speaker, will explain how he ever got into the Junior Class.

Miss Helen Milburn sends her regrets on account of a previous dance engagement.

We have the great honor of having with us Mr. John Hebert, who will speak on the advantages and disadvantages in being Teacher's Pet.

Miss Ella Breaux is our next speaker. She, in her usual charming way, will speak on the art of diplomacy.

Mr. Merrit Girard, our member from the country will tell us what 95 per cent. in Solid Geometry looks like.

We have many other distinguished members present who would be pleased to speak to us, but our time is now up.

SONG OF THE JUNIOR TEACHERS.

In this school-house spacious and grand,
Planned by many a skillful hand,
Is a class of young women and men,
Fighting their battle with book and pen.

A class of jolly teachers to be,
O'er flowing with knowledge 'tis easy to see;
Happy, industrious, and oh! so bright,
Striving, climbing with all their might.

Other classes have bright lads and lasses,
But ours dear reader is a class that surpasses;
For our knowledge inspires all comers with awe,
It's infallible and wholly sans flaw.

Mr. Foote, our future plans he traces,
By logical reasoning on psychological basis;
Many a garden plot Mr. Carnes fixes
By frustums, cones, pyramids, ellipses.

From our English teacher, Mr. Shower,
We've learned to love bird, bee and flower;
Sylph-like, wearing a sweet smile
Miss McLaurin teaches us grace the while.

If in business we wish to be,
Mr. Griffin gives us economy.
Miss Gibbs will make us artists, dear me!
If we follow directions and pay our art fee.

Perfect we are, Mr. Campbell will say
For he never reproves us but once a day;
In our seats for assembly we are always on time,
Miss Hebrard can prove this as she looks down the line.

Junior Home Economics Hall

Eva Broussard
Roberta Brunson
Ruth Camp
Louisa Flasdick
Thelma Fontenot
Henrietta Griffith
Anna Labbe

Margaret Lyles
Pearl Marshall
Alma Mestayer
Margaret Purvis
Eleanor Slocumb
Stella Tobey
Annie Lou White

Ethel White

HEARD IN PASSING THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT.

Louisa—I think my hair has improved since-----

Roberta—Well, I bet I'd give her a piece of my mind. Look at this muscle in my-----

Pearl—I believe I'll get up early tomorrow to play tennis because-----

Alma M.—You know I am going to vote one of these days so-----

Ruth Camp—Well, I am sweet and clean looking even if-----

Margaret L.—Yes, I read a chapter in the Bible every night before-----

Anna L.—You know I am considered a very good French scholar, at any rate my accent is-----

Stella—I know I am little but Harvey says he likes little-----

Eva B.—I am going to ring mother up to have a dance when I-----

Margaret P.—You know that ammonia bottle in the Chemistry room? Well one day I stuck my nose-----

Ethel—I'm tongue-tied and I can't help it if Mr. Shower says-----

Henrietta—I believe in fresh air but Margaret has such a gale in her room, the girls-----

Eleanor—This climate is so different from North Carolina. When I was there-----

Thelma—You see I'm the baby at home so naturally-----



Stenography and Commercial Class

Some Facts About the Sophomore Class



SUALLY class histories are very dry and uninteresting pieces of literature, but this has to deal with such an extraordinary class that we are sure it will contain at least a grain of interest.

When the Sophomore class entered S. L. I. I. we were unlike most Freshies, being slightly timid and possessing an uneasy air. We stood in deep awe of "Doc" and Miss Dupre. We regarded Mr. Carnes as our Delphic Oracle and sought encouragement from him in times of great distress.

How hard it is to write history! No one likes to read it, but there are some things that we like to remember, especially interesting stories concerning our old classmates. Quite a number of them showed marked proficiency in the literary field while others found their sphere in Mathematics, Latin or Athletics. No one seemed to be quite so gifted in any one subject as Thomas Buchanan has proved himself to be in French. This shows that the love for the subject combined with diligent study can accomplish much!

After two years of real work, the class claims the title of "Honorable Sophs," most of our class having climbed the steep hill together, even carrying along "Krum Guilbeau" who is noted for his inertia and timidity.

After starting Chemistry, we are beginning to realize that there is a mere possibility of our really becoming of some importance in the dim future. We find Mr. Mac very interesting. In order to help us to understand terms he becomes very graphic, such as defining the librarian as a Catalyzer which is a substance that does no work itself, but its presence keeps the others busy.

Not only has our class shown great ability in mastering text books but they have also mastered Spalding rules. We have been well represented in track, baseball, basketball, football, and tennis, even contributing several members of the fairer sex to basketball and tennis.

The Sophs are well represented in the two Literary Societies and have shown a great deal of interest and enthusiasm in them. We try to do our part with a good will hoping that we will reap such results as will prove beneficial in the future.

Of course all classes have misfortunes and failures but as a whole the members of our class feel that we have accomplished much in the time spent at S. L. I. I. We not only owe much to our capable teachers but also to our faithful classmates, who have shown brotherly spirit and have proved loyal to Southwestern.



Sophomore Class

SOPHOMORE



SOPHOMORE CLASS, JANUARY, 1919.

President Therese Patureau
Vice-President Floyd Hawkins
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Nathan Rosenfield
Athletic Representative George Daigle
Editor Annie Lee West

Sophomore Class Roll

Paola Bernard	Louise Bertrand	Thomas Buchanan
Jimmie Carriere	Mrs. Louise Chaisson	Emile Comeaux
Fernand J. Comeaux	George Daigle	Emily LeBlanc
Adrienne Dendinger	Madeline Doucet	Meta Dugas
Warren Grevemberg	Floyd Hawkins	Robert Higginbotham
Walter Kemper	Rose Lapleau	Lee Laycock
Maud LeBlanc	Lottie Mielly	Ernest McGee
Ada Miller	Inez Morgan	Bruce Mouton
Therese Patureau	Zita Patureau	Stella Poche
Warren Reed	Willie Richard	Nathan Rosenfield
Lois Stafford	Edna Triay	Annie Lee West
Freda Veazey		Gay Walsh

Commercial Class Roll

Walter Billeaud
Ione Joret

James Johnson
Dewey Singleton
Fred Boutte

Mozelle Jones
Nestor Zamora

Stenography Roll

Dalton Barranger
Edward Cassidy
James Gates

Thelma Blackwell
Ernest Deshotels
Norbert Landry
Eva Schaeffler

Winston Bowden
Dalton Fanguy
Thelma Landry



Agriculture and Farm Mechanics

Emile Drouet

Clyde Hughes

Allen Morris

Thomas Guilbeau

Aurelis Mayeux

Bennett Scallon

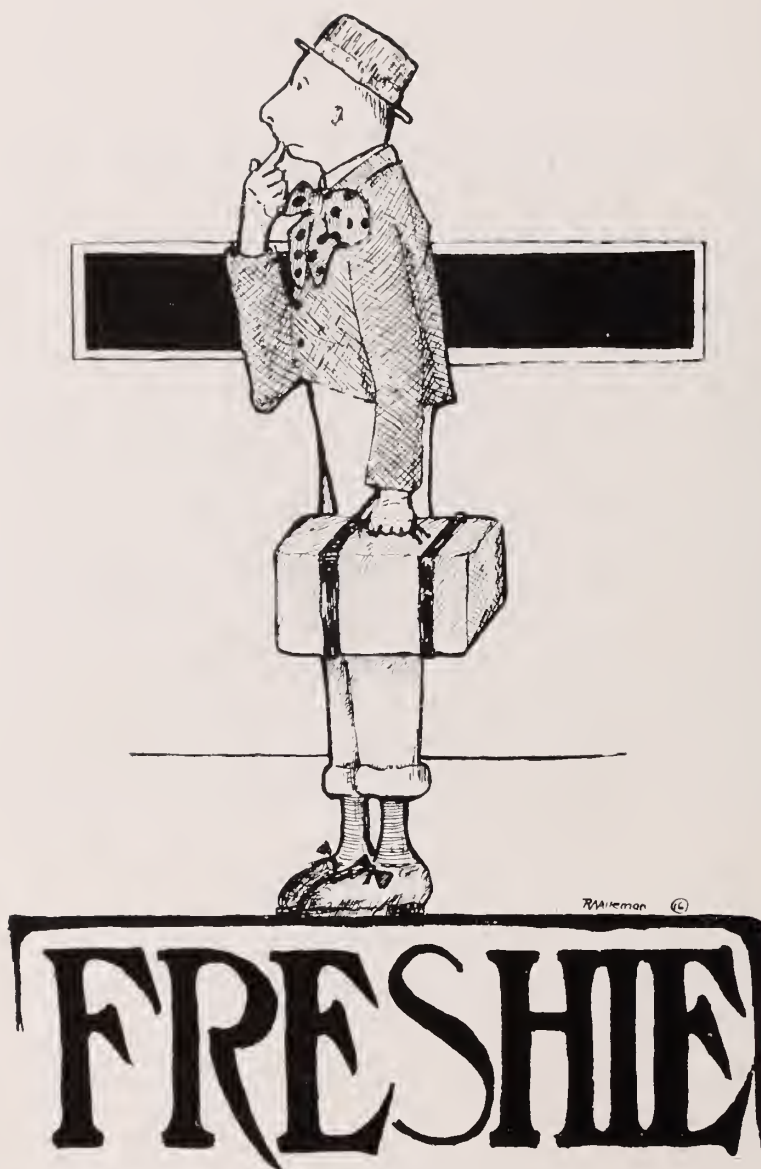
Cyril Grouchy

Auris Mayeux

Early Sharp

Curtis Vidrine

Telemaque Vidrine



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS, MAY, 1919.

President	Alma Landry
Vice-President	Toby Lougarre
Secretary and Treasurer	Adele Cornay
Editor	Adelia McLendon
Athletic Representative	Ray Alleman

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL, MAY, 1919.

Ada Alleman	Irma Grevemberg
Ray Alleman	Shirley Guilbeau
Lillian Bertrana	Ella Rose Harper
Leonard Broussard	Alma Landry
Lawrence Butcher	Tobie Lougarre
Adele Cornay	Adelia McLendon
Gaston Courville	Cecile Pineau
Claude Prejean	Rose Pineau
Leocadie Dupuis	Anna Amy Salles
Leonard Fauntleroy	Yvette Whitfield
Bernice Goudeau	Raymond Whitmeyer



Freshman Class

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL, JANUARY, 1920.

OFFICERS.

President	Laurent Savoie
Vice-President	Sidney Mason
Secretary and Treasurer	Nolte Ludwig
Editor	Julia Thoms
Athletic Representative	Henry Lacour

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL, JANUARY 1920.

Louis Aguiard	Dora Higginbotham
Kenneth Barranger	Henry Lacour
Beulah Beadle	Edna Landry
Mitchel Boudreaux	Mabry Landry
George Bourque	Eliza LeBlanc
Dennis Broussard	Frederick Loewer
Wallace Broussard	Nolte Ludwig
James C. Brown	Stanley Martin
George Byrd	Sidney Mason
Modesto Castillo	Eugene McLendon
Edith Champagne	Paul Meilly
Basil Clark	Pearl Mouton
Edward Comeaux	Warren Mouton
Maxim Comeaux	Lessie Olivier
Percy Delhomme	Joseph Petro
Earl Doaland	Claudia Prejean
Alice Donlan	Nell Riddle
Robert Doxey	Laurent Savoie
Ethel Dugas	Julia Thoms
Frank Dupuis	Alfred VanderCruyssen
Samuel Garbo	Robert Voorhies
Clara Bell Girard	Irene Whitfield
William Hebert	Arthur Yandle
Sebastian Hernandez	Sidney Yandle

Henry Heymann

RECORD.



OW proud we all were on that eventful day, January 24, 1914, when we heard our names read out in the "Old High School" auditorium as being eligible to enter S. L. I. I. Proud, you ask? Had not that been our dream as far back as we could remember?

Of course everybody out here called us "Freshies" and sprang the same old jokes they always do, but we bore it as bravely as could be expected. There were sixteen of us and it didn't take us so very long to "get acquainted." We nearly all passed at the end of the first term. Others came in from other schools and altogether we formed a very large class.

We hardly know what really happened to us next, but although we were promoted at the end of the fourth term, the standard was raised and to our surprise we found ourselves Freshmen again. If you listen you can hear somebody say, "I would have graduated the term after the next following the next if they hadn't raised the standard." Nevertheless our class seems always to have been honored. Some of our members will be conducting orchestras, some will be football stars, some cooks, others professors; maybe there'll be a doctor or two, and perhaps a minister.

There are now only eight of the original members in our class who entered in 1914 and we earnestly hope to graduate by the end of the next decade.



Sub-Freshman Class

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS, MAY, 1920.

OFFICERS.

President	Waldemar von Schoeler
Vice-President	John Ramsey
Secretary and Treasurer	Edward Jay
Editor	Inez Pellerin
Athletic Representative	Anthony Daniels

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL, MAY 1920.

Gussie Adams	Stephen Labbe
Maude Alleman	Bernard LeBlanc
Lela Andrus	Clarence LeBlanc
Leonie Barry	Muriel Lee
Alzima Beadle	Lovenia Lester
Cornay Bonnet	Louis Melancon
Anne Broussard	Kossuth Morvant
Mary Burleigh	Jeanne Mouton
Mabel Caillouet	Lily Mouton
Edgar C. Collins	Inez Pellerin
Anthony Daniels	May Prejean
Arthur Derouen	John Ramsey
Arthur Doucet	Roy Schaeffler
Erista Duhon	Clarence Simon
Alcee Dupuis	Alton Verot
Mildred Gravemberg	Waldemar Von Schoeler
Elva Hunter	Beatrice Williams
Edward Jay	Ernest Williams





Abator Literary Society

AVATAR SOCIETY.

Colors: Green and White.

Motto: Vincemus.

OFFICERS FIRST TERM.

President	Locke Gauthier
Vice-President	Gay Walsh
Secretary	Elsie Taylor
Treasurer	Mattie Clark

OFFICERS SECOND TERM.

President	George Bienvenu
Vice-President	Gay Walsh
Secretary	Mable Poche
Treasurer	Alma Mestayer
Editor	William Greely

AVATAR ROLL.

Flossie Adams	Lillian Herpeche
Gussie Adams	Ione Joret
Marvin Anglin	Blanche Jewell
Orville Banta	James Johnson
Leonie Barry	Anna Labbe
Dalton Barranger	Stephen Labbe
Corinne Baudry	Henry Lacour
Amalita Bernard	Marie Lalande
Luke Bourgeois	Norbert Landry
George Bienvenue	Tobie Lougarre
Thelma Blackwell	Earl LeBlanc
Marie Bonvillain	Marshall Lemoine
Odelia Brinkhaus	Fred Loewer
Ruth Camp	Pearl Marshall
Patricia Carter	Sidney Mason
Emile Comeaux	Alma Mestayer
Louise Chaisson	Paul Mielly
Donald Collette	Ada Miller
Edgar Collins	Raoul Mouton
Laura Copes	Warren Mouton
Cora Comeaux	Paul Motty
Bernadette Couvillion	Felix Moncla
Sidney Daigle	Emile Oulliber
Maxime Dalferes	Harry Pitre
Irene de Laloire	Mabel Poche
Bienville Domengeaux	Stella Poche
Arthur Doucet	Nell Riddle
Emile Drouet	Clara Rupeter
Arthur Dugas	Eleanor Saucier
Flo Dunham	Laurent Savoie
Bency Eaves	Pearl Simon
Dalton Fanguy	Frances Simon
Justine Fiegel	Bennet Scallon
Helen Funk	Edward Steidtmann
Gilbert Gates	Nell Stewart
Locke Gauthier	Inez Schindler
Otto Gauthier	Elsie Taylor
William Greeley	Cecilia Tanner
Ralph Harrell	Mabel Theriot
Ophe Hebert	Julia Thoms
William Hebert	Stella Tobey
Richard Helmer	Edda Webre
Pierre Hernandez	Nestor Zamora

HISTORY OF THE AVATAR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Colors: Green and White.

Motto: Vincemus.



THE Avatar Literary Society was organized in the year 1902, one year after the organization of our sister society, the Attakapas. The word Avatar, from Hindu Mythology, means the incarnation of a spirit in some material form.

In the first year of the society history, the Julian Mouton gold medal was offered for the best individual debate from either society in the annual debating contest. We are sorry to say that this medal has been awarded to the Attakapas a greater number of times than to the Avatars.

During the session of 1914-15 the Dupre Shield was offered, by Miss Edith Garland Dupre, to that Society winning the greater number of debates during the session. The shield was won by our worthy society.

The object of the society is the promotion of literary talent in the school. A great interest has been shown in Literary work this term, and the competitive spirit manifested between the two societies has been of a nature to promote intelligence and culture among students.

Three times a month there is a joint meeting of the Avatar and Attakapas Societies, and at each meeting the program is very interesting. This session the subjects debated have been those subjects which have come up in the National Government and are of interest to everyone.



Attakapas Literary Society

ATTAKAPAS SOCIETY.

Colors: Black and Gold. Motto: Astra Castra, Numen Lumen.

OFFICERS FIRST TERM

President	Curtis Vidrine
Vice-President	Wilmot Dalferes
Secretary	Elisabeth Denbo
Treasurer	Eugene Triay
Editor	Georgia Ricaud

OFFICERS SECOND TERM

President	Thomas Dutsch
Vice-President	Violet Bollinger
Secretary	Elmes Decoux
Treasurer	Henry Siadous
Editor	Alex Swords

ATTAKAPAS ROLL.

Annie Alleman
Louise Alleman
Ray Alleman
Louise Aguiard
Edna Aucoin
Hortense Begnaud
Jennie Mae Brown
Edgar Beadle
Violet Bollinger
Lettie Boulet
Noida Brasseux
Ella Breaux
Mary Burleigh
Mamie Carriere
Jimmie Carriere
Modesto Castillo
Edward Comeaux
Jeanne Comeaux
Flora Connely
Blaine Cotter
Lena Daigle
Wilmot Dalferes
Elmes Decoux
Claude Dejean
Elisabeth Denbo
Adrienne Dendinger
Lucy Di Carlo
Earl Doland
Joe Drouet
Helen Dunham
Helen Dupuis
Jessie Dutsch
Tom Dutsch
Thelma Edens
Fannie Ewing
Leonard Fauntleroy
Louisa Flasdick
Thelma Fontenot
Shirley Guilbeau
Tom Guilbeau
B. A. Goodeau
Warren Grevemberg
Henrietta Griffith
Cyril Grouchy
Merritt Girard
Ethel Hereford
Cecelia Hewitt
Robert Higginbotham
Bryant Hopkins
Harvey Hopkins

Clyde Hughes
Elva Hunter
John Hebert
Edward Jay
Rivers Jones
Grace Jordan
Edith Lacy
Clovis Landry
Mabry Landry
Lee Laycock
Bertha Lyles
Margaret Lyles
Beulah Lynch
Stanley Martin
Irene Marques
Auris Mayeaux
Aurelis Mayeux
Eugene McLendon
Louis Melancon
Helen Milburn
A. C. Morris
Sibyll Nehls
Nettie O'Bryan
Elma Patterson
Rose Perilloux
Margaret Purvis
Warren Reed
Georgie Ricaud
Kathryn Rogers
Gertrude Sanders
Wallie Scott
Early Sharpe
Henry Siadous
Eleanor Slocomb
Somers Smith
Nell Stafford
George Stromer
Alex Swords
Alma Tatman
Clay Thoms
Eugene Triay
Corinne Trosclair
Alfred Vandercruyssen
Curtis Vidrine
Thelmaque Vidrine
Robert Voorhies
Annie Lee West
Annie Lou White
Ethel White
Arthur Yandle

History of the Attakapas Literary Society.



N the beginning of things, which was so long ago that if any one remembers, she won't admit it, the Attakapas was the only society, and was composed of boys and girls, as it is now. Those were the good old days, when Fred Voorhies was President, and ruled with a rod of iron. Though those days are gone, we are quite sure that these days, with Tom Dntsch as President, are just as good. Then it came to pass that there was a revolution, or a civil war, or something, and the Avatars came into being.

For a time, things ran smoothly enough, then (perhaps there was another revolution) it was decided to make the Attakapas a society exclusively for boys, and the Avatar for girls. This plan didn't work very well though, and soon (I suppose there was a third revolution) it was decided to let the membership be mixed again, as it has been ever since.

Now the name "Attakapas" comes from a tribe of Indians who once inhabited all this part of Louisiana, and the eastern part of Texas. Some settlers found these Indians very friendly, but, on the other hand, others charged them with cannibalism. In fact, the very name "Attakapas," in the Choctaw dialect means "man eats," so perhaps that is why, in the beginning, our society had such a warlike time; it was a reincarnation of the old man-eating Indian spirit.

Now, however, we think that we have outgrown any traits belonging to these "ancestors" of ours, nine of whom are supposed to be living today, the last of the tribe.

For sixteen years we have continued to be the more important society of the two. Aren't our debaters the wittiest, our students the most literary, and our crooks the "slickest" in the school? Haven't we a sanatorium right next to Mr. Woodson's, which bears our name, and where we send all the poor innocents who have nervous breakdowns, because of having such heavy credits, or because of Latin exams? The Avatars have nothing like this, and any but they, would admit that we were the more powerful, but, unfortunately, they are the only people who care whether we are powerful or not.

We not only are the best now, we not only have been the best in the past, but we shall continue to be so. For the past fourteen years, before which time both you and the societies were too young to know anything about debating, Judge Julian Mouton has offered a medal to the boy or girl of either society who has the best debate, and we not only want to win it this year, but the Dupre Shield, besides. If we do, and if we keep on doing it, by and by we will succeed in proving our worth even to those pessimistic friendly enemies of ours, the Avatars.





Dramatic Society

Dramatic Club

OFFICERS.

President	Edward Steidtmann
Vice-President	Curtis Vidrine
Secretary	Margaret Lyles
Treasurer	Wilnot Dalferes
Stage Manager	Mabel Poche

The Ups and Downs of the Club



THE greatest play of the season "A Likely Story," was at last staged on January 8th, in Southwestern's spacious auditorium. The whole affair was a great success, and no one who witnessed the play that night would ever have dreamed of the many tragedies that occurred during the numerous rehearsals.

First, Ruth Camp thought that the part of maid was entirely too low for her station and rank, so straightway resigned. This left a vacancy. Williemel thought of taking the part, but this was as far as she got.

After the loss of Ruth and the never-had Williemel, another one of the noted actors, Curtis Vidrine, resigned. Curtis preferred being in the audience instead of on the stage.

The next catastrophe was the withdrawal of Richard Helmer who had taken part. His services were needed on the Football Team, which of course, was more important than the Dramatic Club with its many ups and downs.

The next young man to attempt this same part was Clay Thomas. He stayed in a short while, but very soon followed the way of his predecessors.

The brave hero who finally saved the day was Tom Dutsch. How relieved we were when we found out that some one had come in to stay. Once more we began rehearsing with brighter prospects ahead. Forbes Robertson (Tommy Gilbeau) who had the kindness to give us his services for the evening proved very valuable, though he did vex the actresses on several occasions—especially when he forgot to ring for Jane at the right time.

As for Maud Adams (Pattie Carter) who played the part of Mrs. Campbell, she had the tendency to faint entirely too often, and kept the whole personae dramatis busy trying to revive her.

Miss Rice and Miss Greenway seemed very giddy that night, but who could help being so when Forbes Robertson would make, after every speech of theirs, some remarks like these, "O you are doing fine; Don't say so? Now isn't that awful; O, how dramatic." Yes it was rather dramatic!

The last but not the least tragedy must be added here. This was indeed sad for those taking part. The troupe knew that when the play ended the delicacies which were left over would be enjoyed by them. After the last curtain fell what was their disappointment to learn that there were no left-overs to be found. After careful investigation it was discovered that a persona non grata, not taking part but acting as stage manager, had spied the goodies and had made himself at home.

In spite of these mishaps we are not disheartened, for these things afford a great deal of pleasure after they are past, and so with smiles we are able to look back upon the dreadful calamities that often befall our Dramatic Club.





U. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

President Bertha Lyles

Secretary and Treasurer Elsie Taylor

Chairman Program Committee, Henrietta Griffith

Chairman Membership Committee, Cecilia Hewitt.



THE Y. W. C. A. was organized with the aid of Rev. C. F. Hoffman, Pastor of the Presbyterian church of Lafayette, felt that Christian social work should be encouraged among the girls of S. L. I. I.

Several of the men and women of Lafayette have volunteered to speak to the association on Sunday afternoons.

We hope that this association will grow in enthusiasm and good works, making the religious element felt among the whole student body.



Old Sow



THE sun was lazily resting on the lower extremity of the Western horizon as it sent its slanting rays down upon a crowd of husky lads, who from their attire belied the fact that they were college chaps. Nevertheless they were, and as the smoke rolled from their peaceful old pipes as they enjoyed a sociable smoke together after having faithfully attended to the wants of the hogs placed in their charge, some inventive genius of the crowd proposed we'd play "Old Sow." No sooner said than done.

Now "Old Sow" may seem to a lot of people a very common game and the reason for this is that so many people do not know the science and art this game requires. It requires no little skill to make the old sow drink, for as you know the old saying goes "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." So it is with the old sow. The old sow is a tin can, and a hole in the ground the proposed drinking trough. The players range about and endeavor to keep it as far away from the trough as possible, changing positions with one another

which adds to the trials of the poor old fellow who is trying to get his famishing sow to water.

Everyone knows there must be one so-called hard-acker in the bunch and this proved to be Tom Guilbean. Try as he would he couldn't succeed in getting his thirsty protege to the haven of relief. He would be successful enough to get her almost within drinking distance when "Whack," some heartless h. man would swat her, and send her into utter despair and wretchedness. But Tom was a faithful old scout so he would coax her with many soothing licks closer to the envied goal with his eye on Edward who proved to be as adept in connecting his stick with the innocent old sow's head, as an expert with his golf ball. And consequently Tom would awake to the realization that Co-meaux had stealthily changed positions and with malice aforethought had once more sent him flying behind his fast retreating thirsty and disheartened old sow amid the jeers and taunts of the crowd.

The lazy old sun had disappeared now and the cool November breeze brought us to a realization that it was getting late. Tom gave up but not in despair. It was a case of postponement to another day, so we lighted our pipes and satisfied with the old world and all that's in it we bade our charges good day and leisurely strolled across the campus to our rooms and respective homes in town, but ever and anon do we indulge in "Old Sow."

It's interesting and inspiring and furthermore it takes you back to fond recollections of kid days. Try it and see if you don't give "Old Sow" the blue ribbon.





The Ring (Alias Tour Beat)



VERY evening at the close of school, a weary band of Pilgrims gather behind the Arts and Crafts building, better known as "De Shop." They are the ones who have volunteered to help smooth the cinder path around the wireless pole. You ask why they do not use a steam roller. The reason is this: The boys will have more endearing recollections of the school and the faculty after they graduate if they unselfishly give forty minutes of their time every few days, in making small cinders out of large ones via the pedestrian method.

Petite Pierre is the Big Chief of the Ring, alias Tour Beat, and is a terror to all who are lazy and refuse to trot off as many miles as he thinks they should. He is increasing the efficiency of the tourists, and expects to provide each one with a pedometer next year so as to keep accurate records to use in the book he is writing entitled, "Why the Boy Student Wears Out so Many Shoes."

If all the energy spent in the endless walk around the wireless pole was devoted to the raising of corn on Mr. Lee's farm, he could raise hogs that would dig the Panama Canal in two roots, or he could feed it to his famous Arabian steed, Jerusalem, who would then be able to kick the spots off the moon.



Fire Brigade

Allen Morris, Captain

Clarence Thompson

William Richard

Pierre Hernandez

Laurent Savoie

Emile Drouet

Joe Drouet

Floyd Hawkins

Clyde Hughes



The Jolly Ten

Motto: To avoid doing today what can be done tomorrow..

Aim: To cut classes.

Flower: Cauliflower.

Uniform: Middy and skirt.

CHARTER MEMBERS

Ethel Hereford

Ione Joret

Sibyl Nehls

Gertrude Sanders

MEMBERS

Mamie Carriere

Helen Dunham

Ethel Hereford

Elva Hunter

Ione Joret

Helen Milburn

Sibyl Nehls

Elma Patterson

Gertrude Sanders

Eleanor Slocomb

ALIAS

"Turk"

"Spindle

"Red"

"Shorty"

"Mike"

"Happy"

"Kid"

"Pat"

"Anchovy"

"Tubby"

COMMON EXPRESSION

"Oh Kid!"

"Wait a minute, kid."

"O Golly!"

"It pintly is."

"You Big Fool"

"You know it."

"Thank you!"

"You crazy"

"For goodness' sake"

"Have you seen——?"



Be Sociable Club



THE B. S. Club of Southwestern is what might be termed a select organization, for its members must have qualifications similar those of Ananias or Baron Von Munchausen.

It is not known who first thought of organizing the club, since none of the members wish to assume the responsibility, but the object of the organization is to have a good time and to pave the way for the new science, "Bunkology." With this end in view, Tootie Dalferes, the great hot air artist, was appointed Most Exalted Slinger. Jo Bro Doucet, who is almost as strong in that line, was chosen as Relief Slinger. St. Charles Triay, being very much in love, was given the office of Keeper of Royal Records, a very easy task, since there are no records. Anhauser Steidtmann, because of his large capacity, was given the position of Chief Can Rusher, and is the hardest worked member of the club. Francois Maraist was placed in charge of the steam shovel, and finds it almost impossible to keep up steam unless at least half the members are out of town. Czar Nicholas Vidrine, the Janitor, holds a unique position, for the constitution states that the

Janitor shall constitute a quorum. Beeron Von Schoeler, because of his distinguished name, was selected as Guardian of the Grub. Te Poule Bienvenue, the St. Martin chicken lover, was given the title of Chief Roost Reliever.

With this promising talent the club began its career in 1915, and perhaps the crowning event among all its midnight orgies, was the initiation of Pat, the only man who was not a charter member. There was a great discussion also to the coming science, and it was proved conclusively that Bunkology must be added to the curriculum here in the near future, and the members agreed to compile a text.

At the opening of the 1916 term it was suggested that a few new members be taken in. A meeting was held in "B Building," and Peterson, one of the prospective victims, was led forth to the slaughter, better known as the first degree. Things were not going exactly his way, so he left with considerable haste. There was some sprinting done that night, and Vidrine having on only his summer clothes was easily the winner. After chasing Pete to the Refinery, he was declared physically unfit because he was short winded.

Whether the members of this club ever become great statesmen, politicians, or just plain liars, they will always stick together and will boost Southwestern first, last and all the time.



Motto: Never do Today,
what you can do Tomorrow.

The Incurable Club

Meeting Place: "B Building"
11 P. M., to 4 G. M.

Object: To Better the Eye-sight
on Sunny Days.

Song: "The High Cost of Loving."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tootie Dalferes -----	Exalted Slinger
Jo Bro Doucet -----	Relief Slinger
St. Charles Triay -----	Keeper of Royal Records
Anhauser Steidtman -----	Chief Can Rusher
Francois Maraist -----	Wielder of the Shovel
Curtail Vidrine -----	Janitor
Beerom Von Schoeler -----	Guardian of the Grub
Te Poule Bienuevue -----	Chief Roost Reliever



S. F. Club

Motto: Laugh and Enjoy Life.

Colors: Black and Gold.

Flower: Daisy (won't tell)

Aim: To Dodge the Faculty.

Meeting Place: Girls' Dormitory.
(Breaux Den)

Uniform: Middy, Skirt and Red Tie.

OFFICERS.

Ella Breaux President

Annie Lee West Editor

Martha Breaux . . . Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Nellie (Smiles) Stewart
Martha (Ed) Breaux
Lena (Little Crow) Daigle
Edith (Mutt) Lacy

Ella (Lal) Breaux
Irene (Ante) Marques
Lita (Tot) Breaux
Annie Lee (Lady) West



五. 四. 五.

L. O. F.

Motto: "Look Happy, Be Happy, and Pass it Around."

Colors: Orange and Black.

Flower: Marechal Neil Rose.

OFFICERS.

President Laura Bell Copes

Secretary and Treasurer Louise Alleman

MEMBERS

Ben
Church
Dub
Gelse
Chaperone
Mums

George
Goldie
Laura Bell
Moon
Pattie
Peggy

Snooks

HISTORY

"Now this I think is the most exciting part of the whole affair."

The St. Charles outfit met on November 21, 1915, and organized the L. O. F. The purpose of this organization was to devise a means of scaring off tramps, burglars, etc.

Of course no one knows of the numerous pranks of the club, the dinners, parties, and mysterious ways of enjoyment.

This being secretly a secret organization I can't give any more information; the only way to get it, is to become a member and that is a mental, moral and physical impossibility.



Rooters' Club



THE best definition I can find for College Spirit is summed up in two words, Rooters' Club; for if a school has any spirit at all it is bound to be in this body. Not only on the athletic field did the loyal sons and daughters of their beloved school show their spirit, but it is instilled in their hearts in every activity.

In unity there is strength and to have successful rooting as well as on the field, everyone has got to pull together. Take, for instance, the Ruston game last fall. Do you think the S. L. I. I. boys could have tied their stalwart rivals of the Ruston team, if it had not been for the loyal support of the rooters?

Not only does rooting help to win a game, but it will put the ball a foot or so over the line, make it go into the basket and sail over the outfielder's head, according to the kind of ball being played. Southwestern's Rooters' Club is to be commended for its loyal support to the various athletic teams, and may this same spirit be instilled in the hearts of the future supporters of old S. L. I. I.

Hells

“15 Rahs.”

RAH! RAH! rah, rah, rah,
RAH! RAH! rah, rah, rah,
RAH! RAH! rah, rah, rah,
Southwestern! Southwestern! Southwestern!

“Ki Yi”

Ki yi, ki yi, ki yi, ki yi,
S L I I
Ki yi—Ki yi—S - L - I - I
SOUTHWESTERN

“S L I I OH! SOUTHWESTERN”

S L I I oh! Southwestern,
S L I I here's to you,
We are for dear old Southwestern,
And our hearts are ever true.

“4 Rahs”

RAH! RAH! RAH! RAH!
You rah! rah! Southwestern,
You rah! rah! Southwestern,
Hullaballo, Rah, Rah.
Hoorah, Hoorah, SOUTHWESTERN
WAH! WAH!

“Oskey”

Oskey Wow Wow! Skinny Wow Wow!
SOUTHWESTERN!

“Chee Hee”

Chee hee! Chee ha! Chee ha, ha, ha!
SOUTHWESTERN!

“One a Zip”

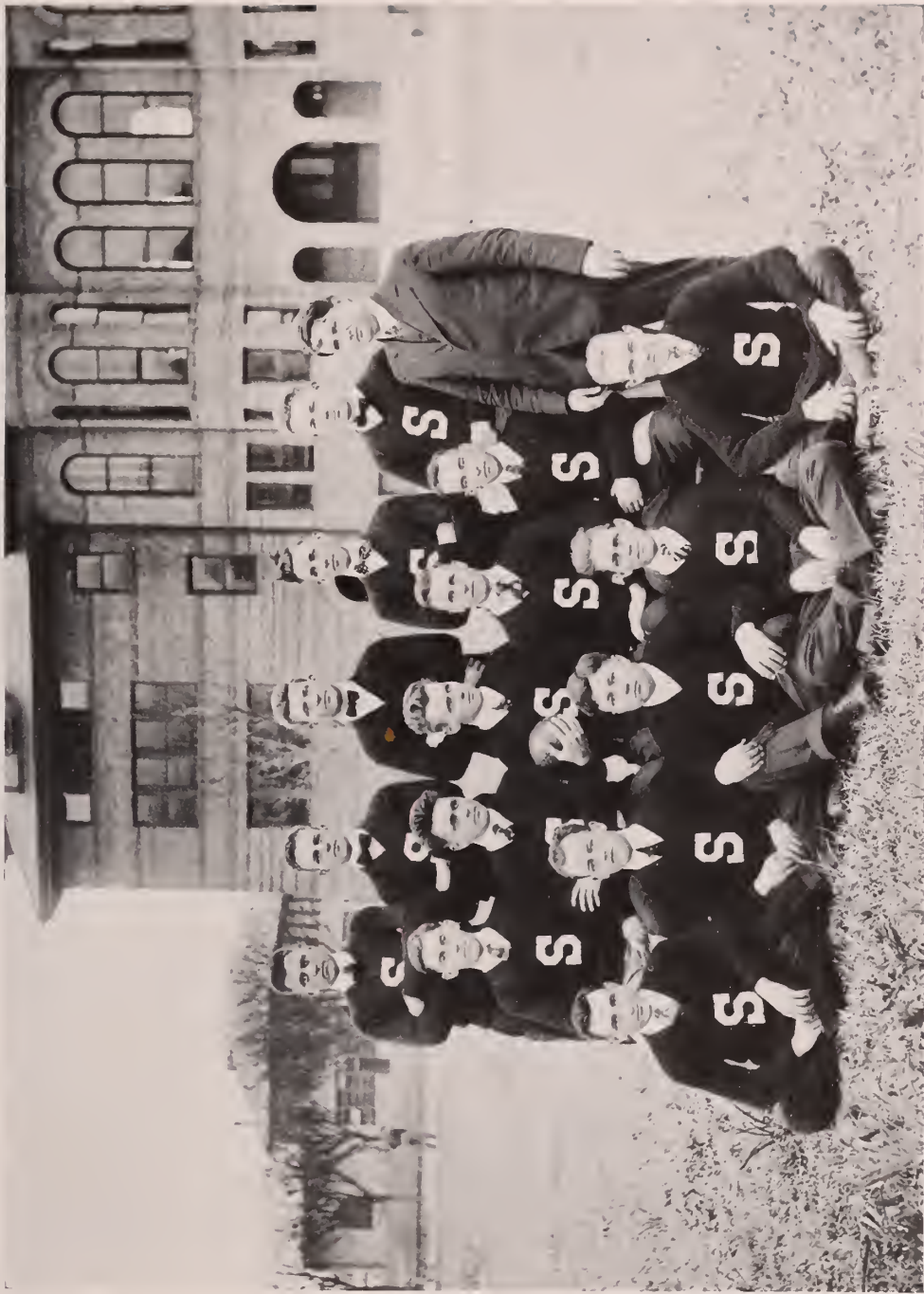
One a zip! two a zip! three a zip, Zam!
We'll beat ———, and we don't give a ———
Hobble Gobble, Razzle Dazzle,
Sis Boom Bah!
SOUTHWESTERN! SOUTHWESTERN!
RAH! RAH! RAH!

“SING A SONG

Sing a song for Old Southwestern,
Dear Old Southwestern.
We pull for thee, Fairest of Institutes,
Give us one—two—three—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ever we hail thee, faithful till we die,
Here's to Southwestern:—S - L - I - I.

“THY SONS AND DAUGHTERS.”

Thy sons and daughters, dear S. L. I. I.,
Will ne'er forget
Their dear beloved old S. L. I. I.
Of Lafayette.
We love thee
And we shall e'er uphold thy banner,
And we shall always fight thy battles,
And be true to thee forever,
Forevermore!



Varsity

Foot Ball Season

LINE UP.

Center	Richard
Guard	Bienvenn, Lafleur, Goudeau
Tackle	Morris, Hughes, Dutsch
End	Daigle, Cassidy, Walsh
Quarter back	Davidson
Half back	Guilbean, Moncla, Doxey
Full back	Hopkins (Capt.), Sills



Y a score of 12 to 0, Southwestern defeated the crack football team of St. Charles College in the first game of the 1915 season. This game, as all first games of the season do, displayed the weak points in our machine which were ably corrected by Coach Dunbar and the hard training and determination of the players.

One week later, Oct. 9th, we played the strong team of Tulane University, at the Tulane Stadium. As will be remembered by all the loyal followers of the team, they were held to a 13-0 score (15 min. quarters). Tulane earned her two touchdowns in the second quarter by a series of shift plays, which for the time being, clearly outwitted the inexperienced men on Southwestern's line. In the last half, strengthened by Coach Dunbar's "bawling out," Southwestern's line-men succeeded in breaking thru Tulane's shift formation, and repeatedly "nailed" the backs behind the line. So determined were the Southwestern players, that Tulane made "first down" only three times during the entire latter half.

The Saturday following, Oct. 16, Southwestern defeated the L. S. U. Reserves in a spirited game at the Parish Fair Grounds, by a score of 7 to 0. The Reserve played a purely defensive game from start to finish and only the splendid kicking of Flannagan, an old Colgate star, prevented Southwestern from piling up a larger score.

Southwestern had scheduled a game on Oct. 23rd with Centenary College, but on account of Centenary not turning out a 1915 team, Chamberlain-Hunt Academy of Mississippi was played instead. This

game, which ended in a victory of 25-0, showed the results of weeks of rigid training and practice, by the excellent team work displayed by S. L. I. I.'s squad.

On the 30th of October, we again played the St. Charles eleven, in one of the most exciting and hotly contested games of the season.

St. Charles won the toss and after five minutes of play, by a brilliantly executed forward pass, scored the first touchdown of the game. This seemed to put fight and "pep" into Southwestern, and upon receiving the kick off she marched down the field at a steady pace for her first touchdown. This was repeated three times during the game, which ended in a victory of 26-6 for Southwestern.

The next game was played in Pineville with Louisiana College. Although Louisiana College put up a game fight, it was evident from the very start that they could not handle our line nor stop the terrific smashing of our backs. The game ended with a score of 47-0.

Saturday, November 3rd, Southwestern engaged in "one of the fastest and most exciting games of football ever witnessed on S. L. I. I. Gridiron" with the Louisiana Industrial Institute of Ruston, La. The odds were decidedly in favor of the Upstaters, who out-weighed us ten pounds to the man. Nevertheless, as was proven by the score of 7-7, we were clearly their match and perhaps a trifle better, for mishaps at critical moments kept us from farther scoring several times. Ruston received the kick on the ten yard line, ran it back ten yards, and with a succession of line bucks failed to make the required gain, so the ball was turned over to Southwestern on the forty-four yard line. Southwestern advanced the ball to the thirty yard line, where a drop kick was tried but failed to score. Thus the ball went back and forth, until Barnes succeeded in crossing our goal line for Ruston's first and only touchdown. The second half, Southwestern received the ball on the fifteen yard line, which was run back eighteen yards. In the succeeding downs Southwestern failed to make the required 10 yards and the ball went over. Then Ruston failed to make first down. The game went on like this until the third quarter when Guilbeau, by a splendid "skin tackle" run, put the ball behind Ruston's goal posts. The rest of the game was spent in a stubborn struggle, with neither side's goal in any great danger. This game will ever be remembered by the members of the 1915 team, as one of the cleanest and most enjoyable games ever played.

Contrary to the most authentic "dope," Southwestern received her first defeat (in our class) of the season, in the annual Thanksgiving

game with the Normal. After six minutes of play the Normal crossed our goal line. This, as it always does, seemed to put more fight and pep into us, and we succeeded in keeping them from further scoring, until the last quarter, when a Normal back recovered an off-side kick and ran down the field for the second and last touchdown. The game ended a few minutes later, with a score of 14-0, Normal's favor.

To sum up the whole, this year's team can easily be said to be the best in the history of the school. It is true that the team of 1914, the best up to this year, did not lose a game, in its class, while this year's team lost one, but this is accounted for by the fact that teams as strong as were played this year were not played in 1914. Therefore we may justly lay claim to this distinction.

Much credit is due Coach Danbar for his untiring efforts to make this a winning team, also to Mr. "Mac" and "Frenchy" Siadous, Faculty and student managers respectively, for their foresight in providing an easy, yet evenly matched schedule of games.

With a majority of the "old fellows" back again next year, here's hoping that "Lank" Davidson, who succeeded Harvey Hopkins in the captaincy of the team will have as successful a season, if not more so, by getting Normal's goat, with his 1917 team.





Second Team Line Up

Robert Higginbotham
 George Stromer
 George Daigle
 Richard Helmer
 Aurelis Mayeux
 Thelmaque Vidrine

William Greeley
 Leonard Fauntleroy
 Emile Drouet
 Nathan Rosenfield
 Harry Pitre
 Otto Gauthier

C. J. McNaspy, Coach



The Team

R. W. Helmer	Right Forward
C. E. Thomas	Left Forward
Capt. E. E. Daigle	Center
L. L. Fauntleroy	Right Guard
T. H. Vidrine	Left Guard

Review of '15-'16 Basketball Team



WITH only three of last year's letter men back at S. L. I. I. and in spite of a very decisive defeat early in the season by L. S. U. who was held to a close score by other teams in our class, Capt. Daigle and Coach McNaspy never gave up hopes and were more determined than ever to round out a winning team. They were well backed by the student body.

In the game with the high schools later on we found that we had greatly improved, scoring over one hundred points in every game. The first game with colleges in our class was with Centenary College of Shreveport, and we found we had a pair of little guards in Fauntleroy

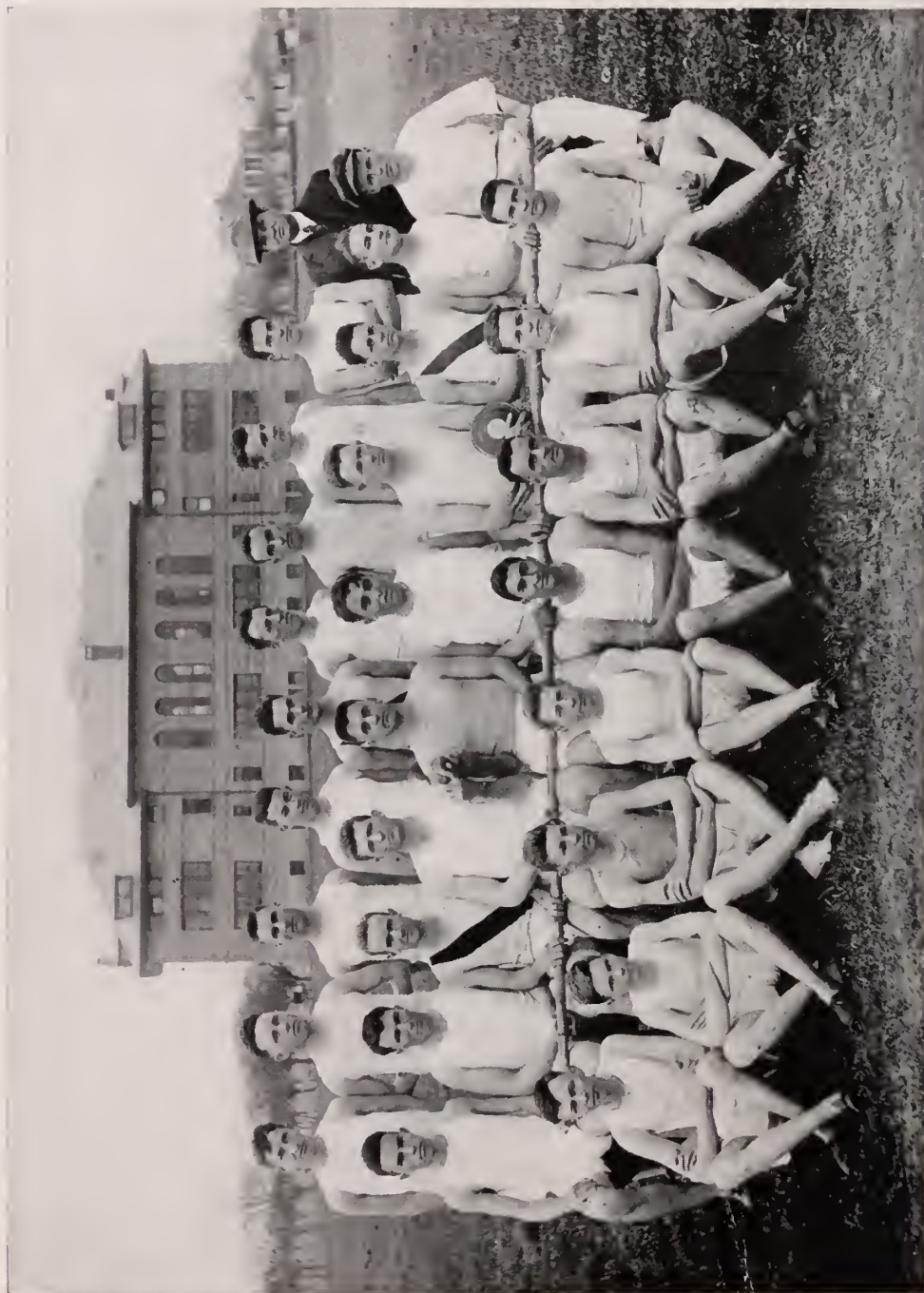
and Vidrine who equal any who have ever put on basketball uniforms for "Old S. L. I. I." The center position was filled by Capt. Daigle, who played excellent ball and always encouraged his teammates by his hard work and his, "We must not lose attitude." Too much cannot be said of Thomas, better known as "King Tally," who played left forward. He was always in the game and never missed a chance to pass to his teammates, or break up the opponents plays. Let's not overlook Helmer who moved up from guard of last year's team to play the forward made vacant by Rordam. The white haired boy was fast and his eye fell on the basket and never missed a chance to score.

The first game with Louisiana College in the Gymnasium was tied at the end of each half, both teams scoring 16 points in each period, but in the five minutes of overtime play, the fast college team made two goals from the field and won by a 36 to 32 score. The other games were equally interesting and were the fastest ever played by any S. L. I. I. basket-ball team.

Captain-elect Helmer will meet most of this year's team for the start next season and will begin hard work for the College Championship. The scores of games played are:

OPPONENTS		S. L. I. I.
L. S. U. -----	47	17
L. S. U. -----	69	10
Mamou High School -----	9	17
Breaux Bridge H. S. -----	3	96
Rayne High School -----	7	103
Rayne High School -----	9	128
New Iberia High School -----	8	136
Centenary College -----	28	39
Centenary College -----	27	38
Louisiana College -----	14	7
Louisiana College -----	34	16
Louisiana College -----	36	32
Louisiana College -----	34	17
<hr/>		<hr/>
Total -----	323	666





Track Team

Track Squad

William Greely (Manager)

George E. Byrd
Aurelis Mayeux
Maxime Comeaux
Emile Drouet
Stephen Labbe
Edward E. Daigle
Willie Richard
Clyde B. Hughes
Thelmaque H. Vidrine
Tobie Lougarre
Felix Moncla
Walter Billeaud
Robert Doxey

Louis Aguiard
Dewey Singleton
Robert Higginbotham
Leonard Fauntleroy
George A. Daigle
Ernest R. Deshotels
Allen C. Morris
Sidney Mason
Early A. Sharpe (Capt.)
Orville Banta
Somers Smith
Otto Gauthier
Harvey Hopkins

Louisiana Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet.
Louisiana College. Normal. Southwestern. St. Charles College.
Alexandria, Louisiana, May 15th, 1915.

ORDER OF EVENTS	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	RECORD
100 Yard Dash	Bruckhouse La. Coll	Richardson S.	Teddle N.	10 2-5 sec.
880 Yard Dash	Stafford N.	Dalferes S.	Beeson N.	2 min. 9 2-5 sec.
High Jump	Hopkins S	Beeson N	Daigle S.	5 ft. 5 in.
220 Yard Dash	Broussard S	E. Daigle S.	Burdin N.	23 4-5 sec.
120 Yard Hurdles	Martin S.	Newman N	Francez S.	16 sec.
Pole Vault	Billeaud S.	Newman N.	Beeson N.	9 ft. 9 in.
440 Yard Dash	Stafford N.	Dalferes S.	Meaux S.	55 sec.
Broad Jump	Teddle N.	Richardson S.	Frere N.	19 ft. 1 in.
Shot Put	Richard S.	Newman N.	Montegut N.	33 ft. 8 in.
220 Yard Hurdles	Killeen N.	Daisy N.	Richardson S.	28 3-5 sec.
Mile Run	Sharp S.	Stafford N.	Beeson N.	4 min. 56 2-5 sec.
Discus Throw	Foster La. Coll.	Alleman S.	Francez S.	93 ft. 5 in.
Relay	Normal	Southwestern	La. College	3 min. 47 sec.



Tennis Club

Tennis Club

Ella Breaux Captain
Nell Stewart Business Manager

MEMBERS

Justine Fiegel	Helen Funk
Gertrude Sanders	Bency Eaves
Pearl Simon	Marie Lalande
Eleanor Slocomb	Margaret Lyles
Annie Lee West	Ethel White
Pearl Marshall	Edith Lacy
Irene Marques	Bertha Lyles
Nell Stafford	Ethel Hereford
Flo. Dunham	



M. I. S.

Colors: Olive and Gold.

Flower: Bitter Weed

Song. "I've Been Floating Down the River on the Good Ship Rock-a-Bye."

Emblem ----- Bone Head

Byword ----- Well, M. I. S.

Candy ----- Nigger Heads

M. J. S.

MEMBERS	ALIAS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOBBY	FAVORITE STUDY
Louise Alleman	Chueh	You Know	Playing independent	Analytics
Williemel Durio	Bill	Oh! Well that belongs to the Fruit Cake list.	Pleasing Mr. Campbell	Sewing
Beulah Lynch	Cutie	For Goodness Sakes!	Going to the Library at 8th Period	Arithmetic
Mabel Poche	Fresh	Oh! No!	Being rowdy	Writing Plans
Georgie Ricaud	George	Is that so?	Performing experiments	Cooking
Mabel Theriot	Souce	Where you live?	Taking fresh air	Art

The Band

PROF. FLORENT SONTAG, Director.

Alex Swords	}	Cornet
Nathan Rosenfield			
O. L. Broussard			
William Hebert			
Raoul Mouton			
Bryant Hopkins			

Cinquieme Mouton	}	Baritone
Lawrence Butcher			

Luke Bourgeois	}	Bass
Thomas Guilbeau			

Lawrence Butcher	}	Trombone
Oscar Hebert			
Clay Thomas			
Mabry Landry			
Wallace Broussard			

Ray Alleman	}	Alto
Shirley Guilbeau			
Stephen Labbe			
Freddie Butcher			

Charles le Voise.....Snare Drum

Hyder DavidsonBass Drum

James MossCymbals



J. O. B. Club

Motto: "Be Not Pikers."

Colors: Lavender and Gold.

Aim: "To avoid those framing the windows."

OFFICERS

President	Ethel Hereford
Secretary	Elva Hunter
Treasurer	Mabel Theriot
Business Manager	Gertrude Sanders
Editor	Eleanor Slocomb

MEMBERS

Helen Dunham	Williemel Durio	Thelma Edens
Ethel Hereford	Elva Hunter	Beulah Lynch
Sibyl Nehls	Kathryn Rogers	Gertrude Sanders
Eleanor Slocomb	Mabel Theriot	Corinne Trosclair



Dirty Eight and Instructor

Dirty Eight and Instructor

Motto: We are ragged but tailor made.

Uniform: Blue Jumper and Overalls.

ROLL CALL

Prof	M. J. Voorhies
Big Meeker	Joe Drouet
Little Meeker	Emile Drouet
The Mayor's Son	Cyril Grouchy
Big Possum	Aurelis Mayeux
Little Possum	Auris Mayaux
Tankage	Bennet Scallan
Rusty	A. C. Morris
Ze Boy	T. H. Vidrine



The Saucy Smiling Senior Six.

There's Bits and Bets and Bashful Joe,
 Chnch, Just, and Johnny, don't you know.
 "The Senior Six," a happy set,
 As studious and jolly as ever you met.
 They've never a grievance but always a smile,
 A hearty cheer, and a word worth while,
 To help us on o'er the rugged road
 Which lighten the heart as well as the load.

Bnt, "The Senior Six," will quickly comply
 With the things that are asked for at S. L. I. I.;
 Analytics and Physics they do with a vim,
 And dear old Cicero, how they love him!
 Athletics they boost, societies they attend,
 And a helping hand they cheerfully lend,
 In assisting this school which they hope later
 To speak with pride as their Alma Mater.

Still water runs as deep as we all know,
And is often subject to a big overflow;
But after considering, I think I'll not tell
How they fooled classmates and teachers as well.
For these mischievous tricks were so slyly done,
We'll just pass them by as school-day fun,
And let them remain, without any kicks,
As the banner class, known as "The Senior Six."



A Reminiscence of My Freshman Days.



ES, it was a dream, but believe me it was some dream. And to a Freshie it was about the best dream ever I could imagine. I never had any special love for the Chemistry Laboratory and Room XI but since the class comes at the last two periods in the day it is some place to dream in, take it from me. Well, the other day I was sitting in the chemistry room listening to Mr. Mac lecture on some kind of element found in the amorphous form, and just about that time I had settled back comfortably in my chair prepared to withstand the eighty minutes siege, when who should come along but old Morpheus himself!

Well, I was just as happy as George Bienvenu and Harvey Hopkins, and the rest of that football bunch, or Curtis Vidrine after he has set a fellow down in Literary society for violating rule No. forty-six, page six, section two of Roberts' Rules of Order.

Anyway I was snoozing some, when suddenly I saw a cloud or something and in the center of it was a girl, and take it from me she was some a queen, a regular peach and all that sort of thing. She was coming right close to me too, and then she said, "Freshie, can't you write something for L'Acadien?"

On the level I thought she was trying to put one over on me, but before I had time to think, I said, "Yes I'll be tickled to death to do it," and then she grabbed my hands and I began to get afraid that she would do something rash, not that I would have minded it, but I did wish I was a little better looking. That didn't seem to make any difference though, because she said "Girls, this is our Freshie, and he is going to write for the annual" and then looking up I saw every good looking girl on the staff trying to shake hands with me at once. Take it from this Freshie, he was some Bonnie Prince Charlie just then.

About that time one of them said, "Let's take the dear for a joy ride." Well, you know I never had the nerve to refuse the ladies, so we set out for Moss Pharmacy. I was sitting back in a big seven passenger car, with about a dozen girls trying to talk to me at once. We passed Tom Guilbeau and Walsh and a bunch of football men, but I just looked at them kind of contemptuous, and passed them with a cold stare, for they had never done anything worth while, like I was doing and they didn't deserve any favors from me. Right then and there I decided that I would spend the rest of my life writing for L'Acadien. And say, I forgot to tell you about those Co-eds' eyes; well, there were blue eyes, and brown eyes, and hazel eyes and tango eyes and then some

eyes. I bet if Bennet Pecot had been there he would have said something about "Drink to me only with thine eyes," but Bennet was not there.

When I had firmly decided that I must have at least reached the place ideal, I heard a rumbling and bumping and about that time one of the girls got out of the car and began to adjust the wing-wang on the smoke grinder, and announced the fact that the carburetor was back-firing on the muffler, and then one of the girls grabbed me by the shoulder and tried to get me out of the car. I woke up and found Mr. Mac shaking the breath out of me because the class was just getting ready to perform some dry experiments, and I had just been having such a nice dream.

Edward Steidtmann.



Finis

Christmas Eve in Germany.



WING to some trouble with my passes, on Christmas Eve night I found myself, instead of being at home in good old Louisiana, doomed to spend a whole long lonesome week, in a little inland German town, whose one hotel had been closed, simply because there was no one to run it. Where I was to stay puzzled me, for there was evidently no such thing as a boarding house. Through the kindness of an old lady, I found accommodations in the home of people who had once been in very comfortable circumstances, though they were now glad to get the few "marks" charged for my board.

It was dusk when I arrived, and the children were all waiting anxiously for a closed door to open on a Christmas tree, bearing gifts from "Kris Kringle." The mother, sad eyed and smiling, said little, though she spoke English very well, and I, German, but a rosy child of five grew very talkative.

"It's Christmas Eve," he informed me, his big eyes wide, and full of child wisdom.

"Is it?" I could think of nothing else to say.

"Yes, and Kris Kringle has come. He left things in there," pointing to the closed door.

"And do you expect much from him?"

He looked at me quickly: "Oh no! The Kaiser has given him orders to take 'most everything to the soldiers."

"And will Kris Kringle obey the Kaiser?"

"Why—why—of course! Everybody obeys the Kaiser! They have to," and the child seemed surprised at my ignorance.

"Why do they have to?" I could not understand a child talking in this way.

"Why because—they have to!"

"Don't you want to obey him?"

"Course! We love him. Don't you?"

I did not answer this, but asked another question: "Why do you love him?"

"Because we do," was the reply. The child seemed more puzzled by my questions. "He is a good man. He loves us, and we must love him too. That's what Fritz says."

"Who is Fritz?" It was the first time I had even heard the man's name, since I reached the town. The child was going to answer, but his mother, who had been listening, gave him a warning glance, and he

hushed. After that I was silent until the door opened and disclosed a tree, well decorated, but with few, Oh! so pitifully few, presents. The children danced around it gleefully however, and a young man stepped into the candlelight. I had not seen him before and he surprised me. As the mother gave the children their presents I studied him closely; tall, slim, blonde, and such familiar features! Where had I seen him before?

Suddenly, I remembered! A hospital on the frontier, Red Cross nurses, and a young German with pneumonia, to be shot as a traitor, if he lived! Then, a bright face in the newspapers, and the story of his escape before fully well. So this was the place of refuge, and this was "Fritz!" I looked at his face in wonder. It was so frank and boyish. Could he be the coward and traitor all the country called him? It seemed incredible, but ——.

Suddenly there were footsteps on the gallery, and he looked quickly at his mother. The door opened and two burly policemen came in.

"Is Frederick Beck here?" they asked.

"Yes," stepping into the light.

"You are wanted!"

"I know," and he turned to the woman.

"Good-bye, little mother."

"Oh Fritz."

"Don't look like that little mother. I am not a traitor, you know. Perhaps—I can explain."

"Yes, but Fritz, on Christmas Eve! And I thought we would be so happy!"

"Hush mother!" His voice grew husky.

"Tell—Gertrude—good-bye. It is for the Kaiser I must go, you know."

"Ah yes—for the Kaiser," she turned away.

He left without another word.

With her smile a little sweeter, and her eyes a little sadder, she made the children's Christmas as pleasant as she could, while I gazed into the fire, and dreamed dreams.

Rivers Jones.



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Indoor Base Ball Team

Indoor Base Ball Team

Ethel Hereford Captain
Lena Daigle Business Manager

MEMBERS

Stella Poche	Anna Amy Salles
Therese Patureau	Blanche Jewell
Sibyll Nehls	Thelma Blackwell
Jimmy Carriere	Margaret Lyles
Marie Bonvillain	Pattie Carter
Eva Broussard	Gussie Adams
Eleanor Slocomb	Henrietta Griffith
Thelma Edens	Lillian Herpeche
Helen Dunham	Lettie Boulet



Girls Basket Ball Team

Girls' Basket Ball

Williemel Durio (Bill) Captain

Ella Breaux Business Manager

Justine Fiegel Editor

Ada Alleman -----		Guard	
Williemel Durio -----	Guard	Ann Broussard -----	Goal
Ella Breaux -----	Guard	Pearl Simon -----	Goal
Gertrude Sanders -----	Guard	Irene De La loire -----	Goal
Ethel White -----	Guard	Lucy Di Carlo -----	Center
Nell Stafford -----	Guard	Beulah Lynch -----	Center

GAMES

VISITORS		S. L. I. I.
Alumni -----	49	56
Alumni -----	36	43
Opelousas -----	74	36
Opelousas -----	63	56
Sunset -----	27	63
Sunset -----	27	112
Breaux Bridge -----	17	93
Breaux Bridge -----	32	96
Washington -----	22	68



Base Ball Team

Base Ball Team

Earl LeBlanc	Pitcher
Walter Billeaud	Short Stop
Floyd Hawkins	Catcher
Cyril Grouchy	Second Base (Capt.)
A. Dupuis	Third Base
Henry Siadous	Left Field
Richard Helmer	First Base
Harry Pitre	Right Field
Thomas Guilbeau	Manager
Henry Lacour	Utility
Edward Cassidy	Center Field
Joe Drouet	Pitcher
Clarence Thompson	Pitcher
Gaston Courville	Utility
George Stromer	Catcher
Mr. J. G. Lee	Coach
W. Von Schoeler	Mascot

Base Ball Scores

St. Charles	0	S. L. I. I.	1
St. Charles	1	S. L. I. I.	8
Cincinnati	9	S. L. I. I.	4
Louisiana College	0	S. L. I. I.	9
Louisiana College	3	S. L. I. I.	4
Normal	3	S. L. I. I.	2
Normal	9	S. L. I. I.	6
L. I. I.	5	S. L. I. I.	2
L. I. I.	12	S. L. I. I.	9
St. Charles	13	S. L. I. I.	7
St. Charles	7	S. L. I. I.	5
L. S. U.	1	S. L. I. I.	0
Normal	3	S. L. I. I.	8
Normal	5	S. L. I. I.	13
Louisiana College		S. L. I. I.	
Louisiana College		S. L. I. I.	
Total			



Captains

LA DISTANCIA.

Un algo hay que de crueldad se viste
Algo que no se vé pero si existe,
Que le dice al ausente con constancia
Calla y suffre me llamo La Distancia.

Con terror, en sus ratos de vacancia,
Vé venir ese monstruo, que con ansia,
Dice al ausente en su estancia,
Suffre y llora que, "Yo soy la Distancia."

Torna el regocijo en melancolia
Y prisionero ya, pregunta a su guía,
Quien éres, Por que dices con arrogancia
Calla y sufre Mi nombre es la Distancia?

Llegando a la cima de su dolor
Vé el hogar, llamandolo con ardor,
Porque perturbas mis horas de vacancia
Repitiendo que tu nombre es la Distancia?



Representatives in Debate With Louisiana College

Maxime Dalferes

Wilmot Dalferes



Campus Snap Shots



FUNNYBONE TICKLERS.

DONT'S FOR FRESHIES—BOTH SEXES.

Don't have a date every night with the same boy, because he will soon think you belong to him.

Don't entertain any vain notions of using chafing dishes in the dormitory.

Don't wave at boys on the Tour Beat; they have been bad and don't deserve being waved at.

Don't linger in the halls, as Mr. Foote is watching you.

Don't believe everything George Bienvenue tells you, as he tells that to all Freshmen.

Don't talk to young men in Moss Pharmacy, that is if Mrs. Frere is looking.

Don't talk about the old girls, as you may find yourself in a tub of cold water at midnight.

Don't take the girls' bath tubs at the dormitory, as you will make enemies.

Don't expect the boys to be polite to you in the halls; they are not responsible.

Don't use rouge at the dormitory, use rice powder instead.

Don't think you are one of the faculty like Curtis Vidrine and use the front door of the Main Building.

Don't think that Harvey's sweet smile means anything; he has smiled that same way for four years.

Don't try to down Tootie in an argument; it can't be done.

Don't use the cinder path, for you may accidently crush a cinder.

Don't copy Cyril Grouchy's laugh; he has a patent on it.

Don't use the plank walk leading to the Arts and Crafts; it is to be looked at only, and besides you might wear out the planks.

Don't get fidgety when Mabry sings; you'll have to get used to it.

Don't blow horns in the dormitory at X-mas time, whatever you do.

Don't make a witty remark to Alex; it might get in the Annual.

Don't ask Louisa Flasdieck to wait for you, she may be in a hurry.

Don't use "Doc's" mallet too roughly; it cost 10 cents.

Don't come to the breakfast table with your hair uncombed, even if Ethel does; Miss Hebrard will find it out.

Don't worry Locke by asking why he decorates the corner by the Bulletin Board; just wait and see.

Don't try to be witty with Mrr. Carnes, he'll outwit you.

Don't try to get in the Ring.

Don't think you'll get dainties from the cooking room; they are for men teachers only.

Don't make eyes at Mr. Voorhies; he doesn't care for dry goods.

Don't smoke because Mr. Lee is smoking; he may be smoking ham.

Don't be afraid of "Doc"; his bark is worse than his bite.

Don't annoy Prof. Geo. Byrd with questions about Latin syntax; he hasn't time to talk to Freshmen.

Don't think Thomas Dutsch is straight from Pineville; he's perfectly harmless.

Don't try to take advantage of Waldemar, for you might get hurt.

LE QUESTIONAIRE

Why are Agates worth fifteen cents? Because they are worth a little more than bums (cheap marbles).

Why does Lady Baker bounce when out autoing? Because she has on her spring clothes.

Why is Mr. Bond like a pin? His head keeps him from going too far.

When will Mr. Campbell stop saying "Come to order?" When young ladies stop fluctuating around and learn to comport themselves."

Why is Mr. Carnes such a politician? Because he has influence with the Ring.

How does Miss Crigler make a living? She does it by hook and by crook.

Why doesn't Mr. Dunbar take voice? Because his voice is too sweet already. (Lyric soprano).

Why is Miss Dupre so nervous? She is afraid that her blue dress will be too short for next season.

Why does Mr. Foote Walk so carefully? He doesn't care to drag his good name in the dust.

Why wouldn't Mr. Goldsmith care to go to war? Because there is "a little too much noise."

Why does Mr. Griffin make his voice so soothing? To accommodate the sleepy heads.

Why is Miss Gueydan never ruffled? Because plain skirts are in style.

What kind of a figure does Miss Hebrard admire? Tall and slender? Oh no! A bank figure.

What have Miss Gibbs and Ione in common? They both paint.

Why is Mr. Lee such a smart man? He raises fruit for the boys to can and when his vegetables bring no gain, he immediately takes to raising cane.

Why did Miss Leftwich change her desk in room 34? So she could dangle her slipper on her toe.

What was the name of Miss McLanrin's first love? Why Jim of course.

What happened to poor Mr. Mac? Oh, listen to this tale of woe! His Soul to Heaven did upward soar; for what he thought was H₂O, was H₂SO₄.

How does Miss Mendelsohn get on? Walks, of course.

Why do the girls find English easier if they take voice. Because Mrs. Miller keeps them posted on current events.

What are some of Miss Ryan's chief characteristics? She never minces words, she is peppery, she is salt of the earth, she can boil with rage, bubble with mirth and peal with laughter.

What makes Mr. Shower stroke his chin? To improve the dimple.

When will Mr. Sontag stop smoking? When the stores stop selling.

Why are the pupils glad to have Mr. Shower? Because he will wash some of Dr. Stephen's dry remarks away.

Why did Mr. Voorhies buy a Ford? He couldn't afford a car.

Why does Mr. Woodson cry everytime he sharpens his pencil? Because he is wasting the shavings.



Scenes Near S. L. J. J.

LUNCHEON DAY

I

Luncheon Day! Luncheon Day!
Everything seems right in the way.
Seniors in the cooking room,
Life is but hysteric gloom.
Lanra, where's the box of salt?
Now it's gone. "It's not my fault
I left it in the kitchen sink,
I can't do everything and think."

II

Luncheon Day! Luncheon Day!
Bertha put those dishes away.
Flo, what made those groceries late?
Fannie, where's that gold-rimmed plate?
Elsie, it's time those stoves were lit,
Miss Ryan is going to have a fit!
Elsie you're cross. "Do you suppose
I can look as swet as a rose?"

III

Luncheon Day! Luncheon Day!
I wish it were the last of May
Gas escaping from the stoves,
Look at the butter on Bency's nose!
Tables heaped with kitchen tin,
I can't hear a word in all this din.
How I wish I could leave this place;
Marie, you've soot all over your face.

IV

Luncheon Day! Luncheon Day!
I know my hair is turning gray.
Mattie, I thought the table was set;
Ehmes, you'll spill the tea, I bet;
Helen go and ring 3-4;
See the muffins all over the floor;
Oh, my head's a spinning top,
If I don't rest, I'm going to drop.

V

Luncheon Day! Luncheon Day!
The soup is ready on the tray.
Annie Lou will you go and call
The guests up to our banquet hall?



A DAILY VISIT

“Anyone to see Dr. Voor——hies?”
That’s the dormitory call,
And I hastily put on my middy
As I wend my way down the hall.

When I enter the cold infirmary,
I see, blocking the way,
A little fat man with a smiling face,
And hear him calmly say :

“You say you have the neuralgia?
Some of those white pills Mrs. Frere,
Also, the tonic, that’s good for the eyes,
For that black-headed girl over there!”

“And you—You have sprained your ankle?
A spoonful of this every night,
While for you with the indigestion,
This black salve will make you all right.”

“Any more sick girls this morning?
You know I must go very far.”
Then with a courteous salutation,
The Dr. rides off in his car.

“SOME HOUSEHOLD HINTS.”
(Correspondence strictly private.)

How can I cure sore feet after four hours on the tour boat? (Wm. H.)

Apply salt water and pepper mixed together.

I am suffering from a hopeless love. (Sidney Yandle.)

Take an ice cold shower bath.

I am afflicted with baldness. How can I cure it? (R. H. A.)

Put a little faith in your prayers and rub spot with balm of Gilead.

How can I cure chronic dullness? (Leonard F.)

Drop in two or three drops of high life every hour, after having made a small aperture in the cranium.

My hair is falling out, what shall I do? (Thelma B.)

Get Louisa F's. tonic.

I am afflicted with too much nose. What can I do to remedy it? (Otto.)

Leave it under the buzz saw for a few minutes.

My eyesight is bad, especially at night at study period. Please give me a remedy. (George S.)

Cut out the movies, Geo.

My handwriting is awful. Can you give me a remedy? (Eugene McL.)

Run around the track six times before breakfast.

What can I do to remove the swelling of my head? (Raoul).

Leave the fatal drug of egoism alone and smile three times a day.

How can I stop eating so much? (Wallie).

Come and board at the Boy's Dormitory.

I am suffering from general debility. Please help me. (Sidney M).

Eat toasted crackers and Limburger cheese. --

I am suffering from fatty degeneration of the brain. (Bernice).
Take it out for an airing and exercise it constantly.

I am afflicted with an enlarged spleen. (Curtis).
Borrow Mr. Woodson's plane from the work shop.

I suffer from an over-large mouth. Please help me. (Sidney G.)
Eat green persimmons.

I am plagued with too much lip. (Frank D.)
Borrow some HClO_3 from the laboratory.

I am too pale. Give me a cure. (Eleanor S.)
Take one of Dr. Voorhies' pink pills. They work wonders.

What can I do to darken my hair? (Jennie Mae)
Take a dose of indelible ink before retiring.

What can I do to stay young? (Old Girl).
Dye is the only remedy.



MY MULE

I haf a mule, mit great big ears,
He lives to me next door,
For dere I haf a stable built
Against mine grocery store.

I gif him oats, I gif him corn,
Und all vot mules can eat;
I haf a blanket for his back
Und shoes brotect his feet.

His saddle fits him all around,
Like paper on de wall,
I take it off venefer he eats
Inside his vitevashed stall.

His bed is made of nice varm straw
So in winter he don't freeze;
In summer he looks de window ond
Und brays mit de efening breeze.

I brotect him mit de lock und key
De door he cannot pass;
If I did not, dot crazy mule
Would get ond on de grass.

Und ven mit night de time comes round
To hit mine hard earned hay,
I vind de clock und go to bed
To vish for dere to stay.

But ven de clock, she is striking twelve
I hear dot old mule say,
"Hee haw! Haw hee! Hee haw! Haw hee!
Get up und gif more hay."

Dot mule you know vas big und gray
Und she could eat some hay,
To fill de hole vot she did have
Would take me all de day.

Vot for do I brotect dot mule,
Und gif him dings vot's goot,
Vy stroke his ears and pat his het,
Viel looks like gratitoot?

I tell you vy, if you keep still.
Und don't say it oud of school,
I gif brotection efery time,
Because I ride dot mule.

If my old mule had haf de sense
Vot dese here Seniors dink dey've got,
He'd lift his legs und take goot aim
Und kick my fool brains oud.

"Vy don't he kick?" some beople say
"Und get oud on de grass?"
My mule don't know to help himself,
His fader vas an ass!

Oh! don't you remember sweet Ione, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Ione with hair so brown?
She soused it each day with peroxide, Ben Bolt,
And now it's the reddest in town.

SOME BEST SELLERS.

“How to Keep the Dormitory Hot in Hot Weather, and Cold in Cold Weather.”

Clyde Hughes

“How to Acquire Muscle for Pounding on the Glasses at Meal Time.

G. Sanders and R. Brunson

“Let me Help You Arrange Your Hair.”

E. Hunter

“The Last Word in Tatting.”

Modesto Castillo

“Little Aids to Beauty.”

Ione Joret

“What Constitutes Good Manners.”

Thomas Dutsch

“How to Look Learned When Not.”

George Bienvenue

“A Woman's Hair is Her Crowning Glory.”

L. Fladlick

“Dishes I Can Make in Ten Minutes.”

Flo Dunham

“The Way of the Mode as I see It.”

Sibyl Nehls

“How to Hold Your Temper When There's Water in the Carburetor.”

E. Carnes

“How to Count the Oysters in the Soup With the Naked Eye.”

E. F. Baker

“The Dishes You Can Make With One Bean.”

R. Ryan

The Senior's Prayer

Now I lay me down to rest,
To study hard, I've done my best.
If I should die before I wake,
I'll not have that old exam. to take.

To Dr. Voorhies

Here's to our dear doctor,
Forever may he prosper,
Though various are our ills,
He's sure to tell us, "Take these pills."
But of course you understand,
We don't have — ter."

Mr. McNaspy in Chemistry Class.

Mr. Mac—Annie, what is a vacuum?

Annie—I've got it in my head Mr. Mac, but I can't express myself.

Scott—(after having studied the effect of the dust particles on the rays of the sun and moon). What is the color of atmospheric air at night, Mr. Mack?

Mr. Griffin—Stromer, what were some of the reasons why Columbus believed the earth was round?

Stromer—Well, one reason for his belief was, that as a little boy he used to go sit out on the wharf and watch the boats come in, and he always saw the smoke stack before he did the rest of the steamboat.

A few days after Mr. Lee had sold a pig to a farmer, he chanced to pass his place and saw the little son sitting on the fence, gazing at the new pig.

How do you do Willie? said he, "How's the pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well," replied the boy, "How's all YOUR folks?"

Jeanne C.—Do you like cod fish balls?

Elisabeth—(Who had attended a dance every night that week) —I don't know, I never attended one.

Dr. Voorhies—Don't on any account sleep on an empty stomach, Grouchy.

Grouchy—No danger, Doctor, I always sleep on my back.

Miss Ryan had been lecturing to her cooking class on red herring.

One of the girls while out shopping the other day, spied some gold fish in a bowl in one of the show windows and as she stood there admiring them, the proprietor walked up and asked her what she thought of them.

"Oh, fine! she said, "But do you know that this is the first time in my life that I have seen red herring alive."

Wilmot—A penny for your thoughts, Justine.

Justine—They're not worth it. I was thinking of you.

Mr. Griffin—(In civic class)—George, is there a criminal lawyer in the town where you live?

George—Well, we think there is one there but we can't prove it on him.

Miss Poche—(of the teachers' class, to little Willie of the primary school)—“Willie, will you please take this dime, run down to the fruit stand and buy me some plums? Be sure to pinch one or two to make sure that they are ripe.”

After some time Willie arrived with the plums, all out of breath.

“Thank you dear,” she said, “Did you pinch one or two as I told you to?” “Did I,” replied Willie, “I pinched the whole bag, and here's your dime.”

Miss Dupre—Mr. Stromer, what strikes you as the most significant part of Shelly's features?

Stromer—His face.

Mr. Mack—Harvey, tell the class what grass is.

Harvey—(Thinking)—Whiskers on the earth.

Tommy—What time do we begin today, Mr. Sontag?

Mr. Sontag—(Thinking of music)—Common time.

After Mr. Bond had been explaining a two cycle engine to us for about an hour, “Frenchy” wanted to know where the belt was that turned it.

Dutsch—(to one of the boys)—If I were bald I'd wear a wig.

Mr. Agate—(who overheard his remark)—Don't spend your money on a wig, Dutsch.

Dutsch—Why not?

Mr. Agate—It would be like putting a roof on an empty barn.

Last term Dr. Stephens came into our French class, to Miss Hebrard's discomfort.

Miss Hebrard very courteously asked him if he would not make a few remarks but his only answer was to walk over to the board and write the following sentence: *Pas de lieux Rhone que nous.* He then left the room.

Heard at the Barn

Triay—I wonder why that old hen is eating those tacks?

Dalferes—I suppose she intends to lay a carpet.

Mildred in Zoology Class—I can't draw this old fly any way—It's nothing but a humbug.

John—I know where there is a large plum tree just full of blossoms. They get peaches off it every year.

Teacher in Latin Class—“Shall I put one or two i's in Cassius in the genitive case?”

Adelia—“Better give the poor fellow two.

They met by chance,
They had never met before,
They met by chance,
And were stricken sore.

They never met again,
Don't want to, I'll allow.
 (“ 'Twas Mr. Carnes' “Flivver”—and a cow!)

One of the boys wrote the following little poem to his father for the purpose of raising funds:

Send me some money just once in a while,
Something to cheer me and call up a smile;
Something to indicate lasting good will,
Something to show you love me still.

This was the father's answer.

My dear son—
With all your faults I love you still,
Enclosed you will find a "one" dollar bill.

Lines of Caesar, all remind us,
We can waste a lot of time,
And departing, leave behind us
A shabby book, not worth a dime.

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

Sept. 15—I arrive at S. L. I. L. Am put in a room with three other girls, one of them is Rivers Jones—she looks sweet tempered. Hope I will like her.

Sept. 16—Got classified. Have to dissect toads. Wish I were home. Cried all night and kept the others awake.

Sept. 19, Saturday—Went to town for the first time. Moss pharmacy is the town. Tried to speak to a boy named Cyril, who shows all his teeth, but Mrs. Frere interrupted.

Sept. 20—Went to school and wrote letters all day.

Sept. 21—The boys have adopted self-government at their dormitory. Two fellows by the name of Hernandez and Thompson are put in charge. They call one of them Petite Pierre who is also in charge of the Tour Beat. I am glad I don't have to walk tours. We girls get demerits and confinements.

Sept. 25, 10 P. M.—A social of the two societies was given to make the acquaintance of the Freshies. I have been asked to join the Attakapas Society. The lights are out. Am sitting in the hall. Have a date for next week with a boy named Richard.

Sept. 28—Time seems to fly by. Got some eats from home. Had to eat them out of doors as no chicken bones are allowed in the dormitory's sacred precincts.

Sept. 29—We were arranged alphabetically in assembly hall. Sit by a girl I don't like. Ethel and Sybil think they are so exclusive. Wish I had E's red hair.

Oct. 1—Have just returned from society meeting. Curtis Vidrine is the president of the Attakapas. A boy named Wilmot did all the talking.

Oct. 2—First ball game of the season was played on our campus this afternoon against St. Charles College. We won of course. Mr. Mac. talks nothing but Athletic tickets.

Oct. 3—A Y. W. C. A. is organized here in the dormitory under the auspices of Miss Ryan and Mr. Hoffman, the Presbyterian Minister.

Oct. 4—A pretty girl contest is on. The votes are a cent apiece and the proceeds go to the Athletic Association. I got one vote.

Oct. 8—The prettiest girls are Mabel, Edna, and Elisabeth. Now I suppose they will be having all kinds of privileges besides riding in the auto with Alex Swords during the Fair.

Oct. 9—Foot ball boys have gone to New Orleans to play Tulane.

Oct. 13—Hon John M. Parker, Col. Pleasant, and Judge Coco spoke in assembly. Each promised to give us a new building.

Oct. 14—The Home Ecs. are demonstrating at the Fair. Wish I were a Home Ec.

Oct. 16—We all rode out to the Fair to see the exhibits and to see our boys beat

L. S. U. Reserves. Pet cried because she couldn't dance.

Oct. 18—Rabbi Sternheim spoke in assembly. He has given the library some new books, but the Faculty grabbed them right off so we haven't even seen them.

Oct. 26—The Chamberlain Hunt Academy played S. L. I. I. on the campus. A social is to be given to them tonight. I have met a nice boy named Earle but Ella won't let him sit with me. He has such soft brown eyes.

Oct. 30—We all went to Opelousas to see the game between St. Charles and S. L. I. I. We had a good time but some of the boys got into trouble which spoiled everything.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en. Every one is in tears over the coming departure of Cyril, Cyrus, Edward and Sam. I cried with the others.

Some of the town boys tick-tacked the girls at the St. Charles. Miss Ryan did a hundred yard dash across the campus to meet them. Girls had hysterics and Mr. Carnes had to comfort them. He is too sweet for anything.

Nov. 1—Mabel's eyes are so swollen from crying, she looks awful! Cyril told everyone good-bye six times.

Nov. 6—We beat Pineville all to pieces in foot ball.

Nov. 13—We tie with Ruston in the nicest game of the season. I nearly yelled my head off.

Nov. 14, Sunday—All the girls are talking about those nice Ruston boys.

Nov. 19—We all walked to the station to see the Liberty Bell pass thru. Willie Richard stepped on my foot and I nearly fainted.

Nov. 23—A big Luncheon is being served to the Faculty. We peeped in the sewing room to see the decorations. They say Mr. Bond will toast the ladies tonight and all the men will be in evening clothes.

Nov. 24—A big bunch of carnations was sent to the Foot ball boys by Miss Sarah Landau. The boys think they will beat Natchitoches.

Nov. 25—Thanksgiving. We ate a big dinner and I am too full for utterance.

Nov. 26—Mr. and Mrs. Carnes have invited us to have oyster gumbo at the boys' dormitory. I have a date to sit with Laurent. I do hope he will talk a little. The pauses are awful.

Nov. 27—Mr. Carnes took us to the Refinery.

Nov. 29—We got reported for having pecan grease all over the floor. I lost my Latin book and found it behind the radiator.

Nov. 30—Five houses burnt down this A. M. Mr. Mac's among them. The boys are the heroes of the occasion. Miss Hebrard wouldn't let us go to the scene of action, and I do so love a fire. The boys came back all sooty and Nathan had his curls singed. Miss Gueydan dragged her trunk down the steps of her boarding house and scarred them awfully! Mr. Mac took his trouble like old Cato. (Have just finished studying him.)

Boys organized a Volunteer Fire Co., with Red Morris as Captain.

Dec. 1—Literary Society work is made compulsory.

Dec. 6—Dr. Stephens and the faculty have adopted a seal to be used on commencement invitations, class pins, seal rings and stationery.

Dec. 15—Mr. Rielly of the Dailey Press spoke in Auditorium on co-operation. The Algebra period was curtailed.

Dec. 22, 9 P. M.—We have just had a big supper at the boy's dormitory. The din was fearful.

Dec. 23—Leave for home tonight! Gave all my room mates wash rags.

Jan. 3—I take up this diary again with repugnance. A few Freshies have come, among them Cyril. I am glad to hear his laugh again.

Jan. 6—We have cauliflower for dinner.

Jan. 14—Everyone is hard at work cramming exams.

Jan. 19, Jan. 20, Jan. 21—We are resting and enjoying life while the Faculty works.

Jan. 25—Rumors afloat that dear Miss Dupre is going to leave S. L. I. I.

Jan. 26—Above rumors verified. We have pork for lunch. I am ashamed to look a pig in the face.

Feb. 1—Mr. Shower has arrived. Everyone rubbered at him in auditorium.

Feb. 2—A horse tried to play with Henry Ethel and she took a Pavlowa leap. She looks interesting in a white patch.

Feb. 3—Miss Dupre leaves for Washington D. C., to visit her brother.

Feb. 4—Mr. L. C. Grey of Peabody made us a talk. He said we were inclined to run after new things. I subscribed for an Annual. Had to.

Feb. 10—The Danish Violinist Skovgaard and the New York Metropolitan Co., gave a musicale at the Jefferson. It was quite a success. The Athletic Association cleared \$235. Skovgaard looks like a huge bumble bee.

Feb. 12—Girls' Basket Ball Team went to Opelousas and got defeated. They had a grand ride though.

Feb. 13—Pattie sleeps four in a bed and gets punished.

Feb. 14—Captain Williemel gave a lucrid description of the above game in Auditorium. She said it was a "Punch and Judy" Game.

Feb. 15—We hear nothing but annual talk.

Feb. 16—Mr. Shower read "An interview with Mark Twain" in assembly. He has an adorable voice.

Feb. 19—Opelousas girls beat us by a close shave. I'd hate to referee. Elva, Corinne, and Ethel steal a buggy and come to grief.

Feb. 20, Sunday—Had a splitting headache and stayed at home all day.

Feb. 21—The Oratorical Preliminaries for the Meet in Alexandria were held this afternoon and Wilmot was chosen.

Feb. 22—Washington's birthday and we celebrated by going meekly to classes.

Feb. 25—Our boys and Pineville play Basket Ball and Pineville beats by six points.

Feb. 26—Another game with Pineville and we are beaten again. We whip the Sunset girls all to pieces.

Feb. 28—Dr. Stephens has returned from Detroit. He told us about his trip.

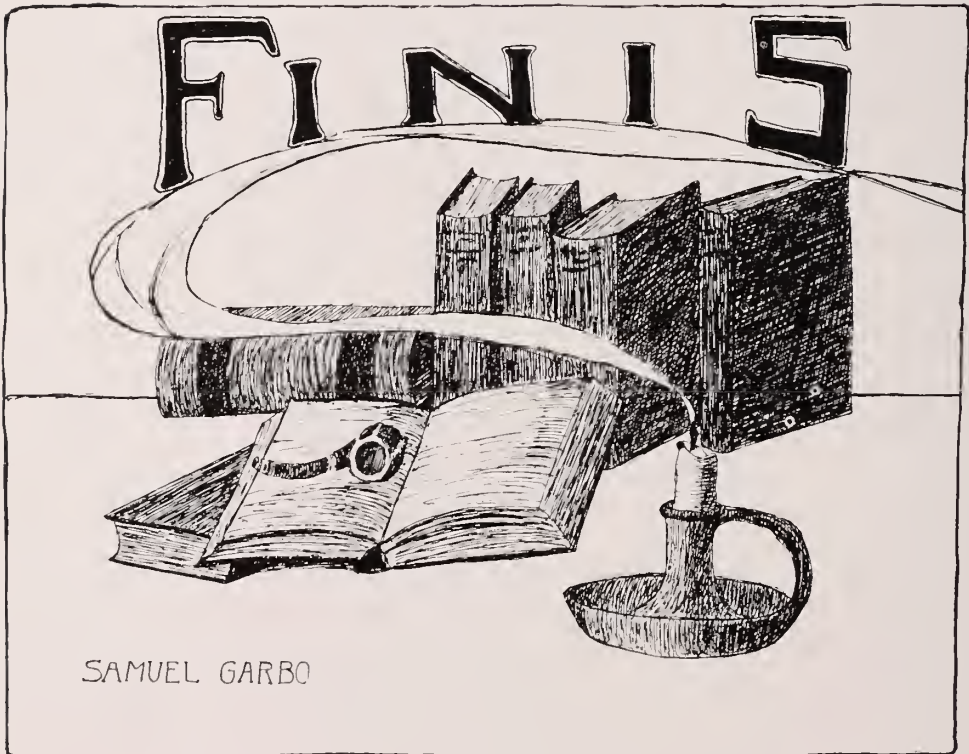
March 3—Judge Coco treated some of the girls at Moss Pharmacy.

March 4—We girls had a Mardi Gras ball in the dining room. We made ourselves believe we were having a good time. The Lenten season is upon us and I have planned to give up spring chicken, artichokes, and strawberries. We mustn't pamper our stomachs, the Bible says.

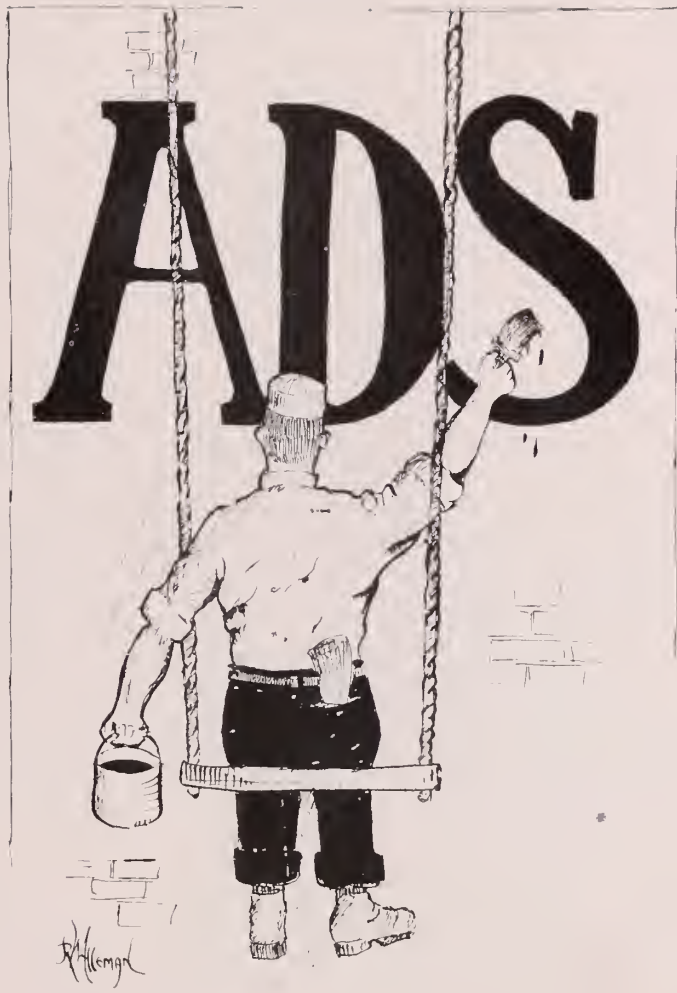
(The Editor-in-chief wants this for "L'Acadien," so I have to stop.)



The student who counts but the outward gains,
And desires to be first in all things,
Shall find disappointments along life's way,
In the sorrow that selfishness brings.
But he who works for the sake of Truth,
And obeys the laws of a school,
Not from fear or necessity,
But, letting his conscience rule,
Shall be as free as a bird on the wing,
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For a will that can master the strong god Self,
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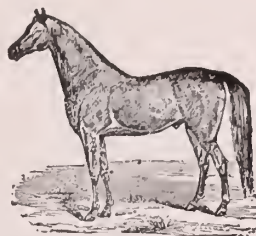
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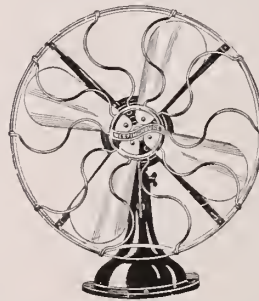
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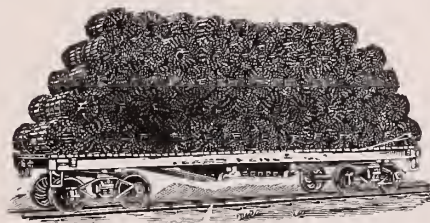
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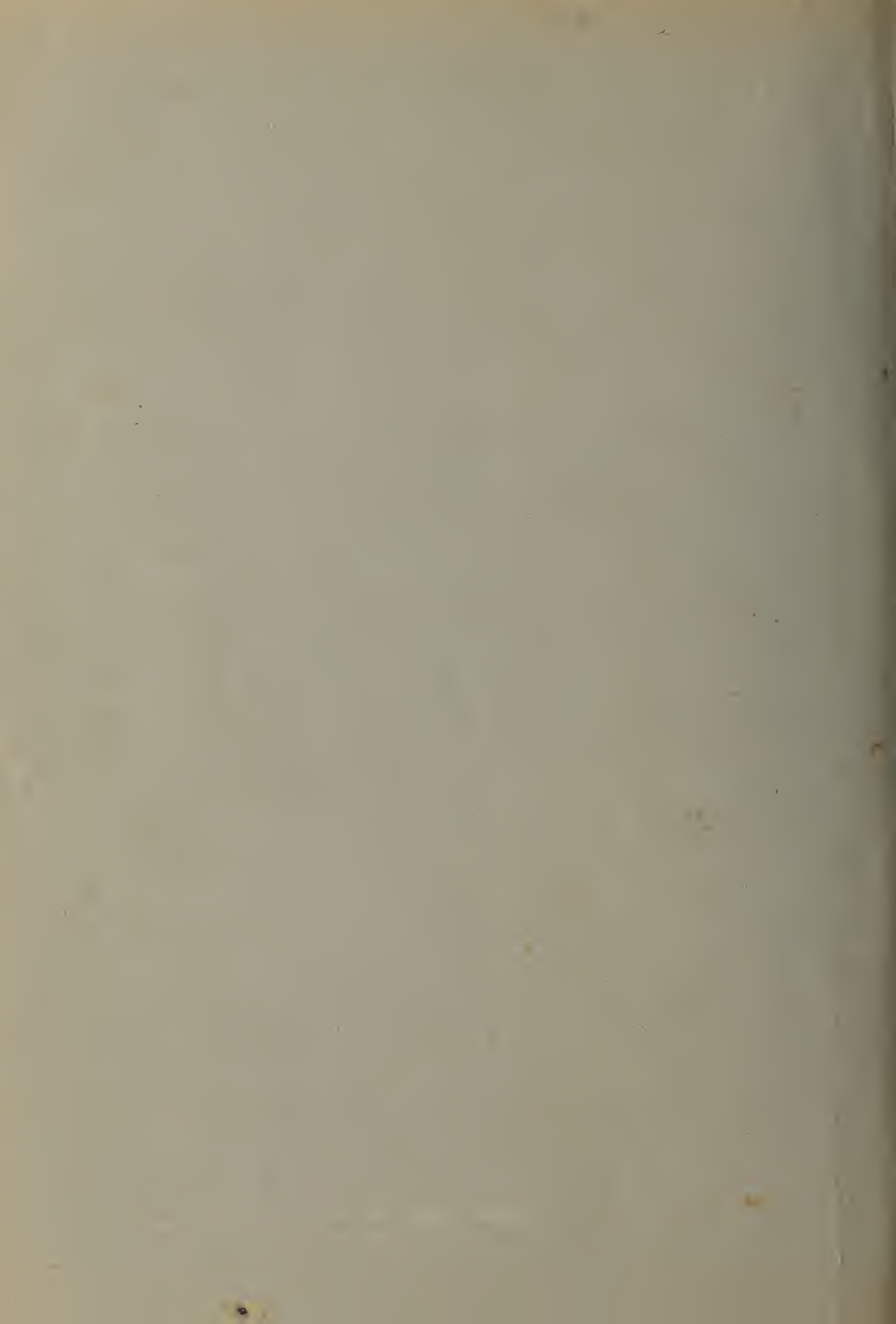
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